

See Treasure Island Fantastic Film!

April 

TARGET

WHITE STREAK *Bull's Eye Bill*

Lucky Byrd CHAMELEON

SPACEHAWK *2R Range Riders*

10¢

THE TARGET
and the
TARGETEERS

BOB WOOD

Vol. 2 No. 2



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

\$1⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$1⁰⁰

Dear Readers:

Here are a few interesting facts garnered from the many hundreds of excellent letters received from you, Ye Editors.

1. Many readers have seconded Louis Bronfield's request that TARGET have a strip about some story which they read in school, so in this issue Fantastic Feature Films presents "Treasure Island" for your pleasure.

2. Most of the readers want some of the horror taken out of Spacehawk, so without detracting from the story's exciting adventures, the editors gladly yield to your request.

3. Many arguments for and against George Stumpp's suggestion of continued stories in TARGET have been received. We have tried to satisfy all by making most stories in each issue a complete episode of a continued story.

You are genuinely helping us to make TARGET a better magazine.

Cordially yours,
The Editors

Dear Sirs:

In the December issue of TARGET, The TARGET found two assistants, The Targeteers. I wish all of the readers would vote on TARGET having Targeteers all over the country with whom he could get in touch by radio. Think it over please.

Joe Suess
Hyattsville, Maryland

—(A good suggestion, Joe. If criminals fled from one city to another, the TARGET could radio ahead to a Targeteer to have him captured.)

* * *

Dear Sir:

I am a stout believer in democracy and in my estimation the publishers of the magazine containing the strip, Calling 2-R, which has its very roots in dictatorship have reached a level that cannot be discussed in reputable circles. Calling 2-R has the very essence of dictatorship. One man is the head and his orders are obeyed by boys who have no alternative but to obey. The story also portrays the idea that the U. S. Army has no ideas of the wonderful inventions of Boystate. Can it be that boys who are growing are better men? The whole thing is a disgrace to "The American Way of Life".

Charles Fonden
East Orange, New Jersey

—(Charles, we are afraid that thousands of TARGET COMIC readers will totally disagree with you, judging from the let-

ters flowing in that praise 2-R. Reviewing the record, the Skipper and his boys have never failed to do good and bring out the best in all the inhabitants of Boystate. Can you say this of any dictator? No boy in this strip has ever been compelled to stay in Boystate against his wishes. True, one man is the head, but one man is also the president of the United States and one man is commander-in-chief of our army or our navy, but do we consider them dictators because their subordinates must obey? Inventions must be perfected before they are submitted to the United States Army or to the general public, just as Thomas Edison as a boy invented and perfected inventions that older men had not thought of. You may not like the strip 2-R, Charles, but if you study it less hastily, you may come to the conclusion that a few actual Boystates would be a wonderful thing for the American way of life.)

* * *

Dear Editors:

TARGET COMICS is my favorite comic book because it has the most thrilling and original comics. But I believe it could be made more popular by adding a few humorous comics. I'm sure many other readers agree with me on this subject.

Kenneth Dangler
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

—(You are right, Kenneth; many readers have requested a humorous comic strip in TARGET. We will see what we can do.)

Dear Editor:

I have just arrived in Canada from the Far East (Japan) and am on my way to the States with my parents. While I was living in Tokyo, I used to get many comics sent to me by a boy I knew from the States. Out of them all I liked TARGET best and so did most of the other boys at our school. I, myself, like all of the figures in the TARGET COMICS. Please let the other Canadian and American readers know it is also liked in Japan.

Wilfred Rich
Chicago, Illinois

—(This is of interest, Wilfred, because we did not know TARGET wandered so far afield.)

* * *

To the Editor:

TARGET COMICS thrill me through—they're different and something new. Of all the comics that are sold, it stands out like a target bold. So many of these comic books depend upon the cover's looks, but good old TARGET never fails to hit the spot in pictured tales. It must be "tops", because you see it's grabbed by all the family. I have to hide it till I'm done—I wish that my folks each had one.

Walter H. Willey
West Concord, New Hampshire

—(Enough said. Many thanks, Walter.)

THE TARGET AND

HERE YOU ARE, UNCLE SAM - TWO OF THE DIRTY RATS WHO WOULD SELL THEIR COUNTRY'S FREEDOM FOR A PRICE. AS LONG AS MEN LIKE THIS EXIST, I'LL DO MY BEST TO RUN THEM TO EARTH!



The TARGETEERS

SUCCESSFULLY CARRYING ON THEIR BATTLE TO RID THIS COUNTRY OF CRIME, NILES REED, THE TARGET, TOGETHER WITH TOMMY BROWN AND DAVE FOSTER, THE TARGETEERS, HAVE ALREADY DISPOSED OF TWO OF THIS COUNTRY'S FOREMOST PUBLIC ENEMIES, HAMMER-FIST AND THE MIGHTY MITE - BOTH HAVING BEEN MET UP WITH DURING THE TRIO'S ATTEMPT TO RECOVER STOLEN PLANS OF A NEW SUPER-AUTOMATIC RIFLE DESTINED FOR UNCLE SAM'S ARMY...

JUST WHEN IT LOOKED AS IF THEY HAD FULFILLED THEIR PURPOSE, A HOODED, CLOAKED FIGURE WHO TURNED OUT TO BE A BEAUTIFUL GIRL NAMED PAT, STEPPED INTO THE PICTURE -

HEY! DAVE, TOMMY!!! I HAVE THE BRIEFCASE BUT IT'S EMPTY - EXCEPT FOR THIS NOTE!!! - THAT HOODED PERSON WAS A GIRL, AND SHE'S JUST MADE OFF WITH THE PLANS - MAYBE WE CAN CATCH HER!!!

LET'S GO!

Sorry to leave so soon, Mr. Target - you sort of fascinate me!
As for the plans, I'm afraid you'll have to catch me again - I want them. I want them. I want them. Pat



THE THREE RUSH MADLY FOR THEIR CAR -

-BUT ARE SHOCKED TO FIND-

SURPRISE!!!-WASN'T IT SILLY OF ME-I FORGOT MY DRIVER'S LICENSE!

SO ON ACCOUNT OF THAT YOU REMAINED HERE WITH THE PLANS, EH???-WHAT GOES ON, ANYWAY?



IT'S NOT REALLY AS DIFFICULT AS ALL THAT, MR. TARGET! YOU SEE-I DIDN'T HAVE THE PLANS IN THE FIRST PLACE---AND THE REASON I LEFT YOU THAT NOTE-



PAT'S SPEECH IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED AS A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION ROCKS THE HOUSE-



THANK GOODNESS WE GOT OUT OF THERE IN TIME!!!-IT LOOKS LIKE THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF THOSE THUGS!

AS I WAS SAYING-THAT'S THE REASON I LEFT YOU THE NOTE, KNOWING YOU WOULD FOLLOW ME! IF I HAD TOLD YOU I KNEW OF A PRE-ARRANGED EXPLOSION YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED ME!



YOU WERE SO KIND AS TO GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SAVE MY LIFE-PERHAPS YOU'LL TELL ME WHY, AND ALSO IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE PLANS, WHERE ARE THEY?



I WAS AS SURPRISED AS YOU TO FIND THE BRIEFCASE EMPTY, BELIEVE IT OR NOT!!!-AND I HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR WANTING THE PLANS MYSELF-PERHAPS YOU'LL HELP ME FIND THEM!



I SEE-YOU SAVE MY LIFE SO I SHOULD HELP YOU GET THE PLANS!-WELL NOW THAT WE'RE LETTING OUR HAIR DOWN, WOULD I BE TOO CURIOUS TO ASK-JUST WHAT YOUR "GOOD REASON" FOR WANTING THEM MIGHT BE-?

NOT AT ALL-IF I WON'T BE BORING YOU!



"IT ALL HAS TO DO WITH MY UNCLE, FRED HARTLEY, WHO HAS ALWAYS BEEN JUST LIKE A FATHER TO ME... HE IS A CHEMIST AND WAS EMPLOYED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT AT THE TIME OF THE WORLD WAR-



I'VE DONE IT-I'VE DONE IT! THIS GAS WILL MAKE OUR ARMY INVINCIBLE!

"THE GAS WHICH UNCLE PERFECTED HAD A MORE POWERFUL EFFECT THAN MUSTARD GAS ON THE BODY. ONE DAY AS HE WAS EXPERIMENTING WITH ITS CAPABILITIES-



OH-I DROPPED IT-HELP-MY FACE-HELP! HELP!

"THE CHEMICAL IN THE GAS HAD DISASTROUS EFFECTS UPON UNCLE'S SKIN. HE WAS FORCED TO WEAR A TIGHT FITTING RUBBER MATERIAL OVER MOST OF HIS BODY AFTER WEEKS IN THE HOSPITAL HE APPROACHED GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS."

"-HEART BROKEN OVER HIS INVENTION BEING TURNED DOWN AND THE HORRIBLE CONDITION OF HIS SKIN, UNCLE HAD LITTLE OR NO INTEREST IN LIFE - BUT CONTINUED ON WITH HIS EXPERIMENTS THROUGH THE AID OF HIS PENSION"

"-AS YOU MUST KNOW, COLONEL CUSHING WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOSS OF THE PLANS IN THE BEGINNING AND FACED COURT MARTIAL FOR HIS NEGLIGENCE. HE AND UNCLE WERE OLD FRIENDS -"

"WE'RE SORRY-HARTLEY, BUT IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION FOR US TO MAKE USE OF THIS NEW GAS OF YOURS- AS FOR YOUR INJURIES WE'LL GRANT YOU A LENIENT PENSION!"

"YOU'RE SORRY-HOW SHOULD I FEEL? I MIGHT JUST AS WELL BE DEAD AS THE WAY I AM. AND THE THING RESPONSIBLE FOR IT ALL, MY GAS INVENTION, YOU HAVE NO USE FOR!"



"UNCLE FRED HAD INFORMATION AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE STOLEN PLANS, AND REALIZING THAT SHOULD HE RECOVER THEM, IT WOULD PROBABLY MEAN CLEARING THE COLONEL'S NAME, HE MADE EVERY EFFORT TO DO SO!"



"I STILL DON'T SEE HOW THAT WOULD INVOLVE YOU-"

"-AND WHAT ABOUT THAT SILLY DISGUISE YOU WERE WEARING?"

"THAT'S SIMPLE! UNCLE'S CONDITION DOESN'T WARRANT MUCH PHYSICAL ACTIVITY, SO HE GAVE ME THE DETAILS OF THE CASE AND ASKED ME TO DO WHAT I COULD IN RECOVERING THE PLANS!"



"-AS FOR THE DISGUISE - IN TRAILING THE PLANS I MET UP WITH A FOREIGN AGENT - THE DISGUISE WAS HIS. I LEFT HIM TIED UP AT HIS APARTMENT."



"-THEN HE MAY BE THERE-NOW!"

"IN ALL LIKELIHOOD HE IS, BUT I'M SURE THE PLANS AREN'T!"



"WAIT!!! YOU WERE AT THE MIGHTY MITE'S PLACE BEFORE YOU CAME HERE, RIGHT?? -THEN THE PLANS ARE PROBABLY THERE!!! -HE MUST HAVE SWITCHED BRIEFCASES BEFORE LEAVING!!!"

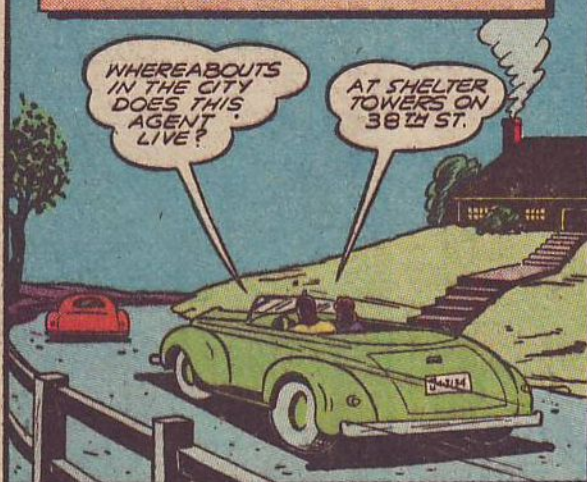


"-THAT'S OUR BEST BET! WE'LL GO THERE!! DAVE AND TOMMY CAN USE THE THUG'S CAR AND HEAD FOR THE AGENT'S APARTMENT!!!"

"OKAY, TARGET- LET'S GET STARTED!"



THE TARGETEERS LEAD THE WAY BACK TO MANHATTAN-



MEANWHILE, THE TARGETEERS REACH SHELTER TOWERS -



SOME LAYOUT THAT GUY HAS HERE - BUT WHERE IS HE???

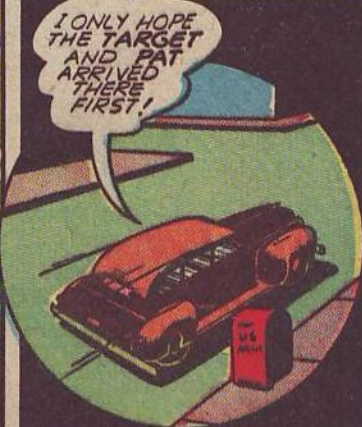
LOOK DAVE! THAT ROPE MEANS ONLY ONE THING!

HE'S GONE!!! AND IT'S A CINCINCH HE'S HEADED FOR WHERE HE MIGHT FIND THE PLANS!

RIGHT! SO OUR NEXT STOP IS THE MIGHTY MITE'S!



OFF INTO THE NIGHT SPEED THE TARGETEERS -



I ONLY HOPE THE TARGET AND PAT ARRIVED THERE FIRST!

WHILE BACK AT THE MITE'S PLACE THE TARGET REALLY HAS HIS HANDS FULL -



SO - WE MEET AGAIN - THE ONE WHO INTERFERED WITH MY BUSINESS IN THE FIRST PLACE!

THIS WOULD BE A LOT EASIER WITHOUT THE BRIEF-CASE!

YOU!

- BETTER TELL YOUR BOY FRIEND TO LAY OFF AND HAND OVER THOSE PLANS - OR ELSE -



OH - YEAH?



- WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

AS THE TARGET STARTS FOR THE AGENT, A THUG HEAVES A VASE AT HIM - BUT -

- BEFORE IT REACHES ITS DESTINATION, A DART CRASHES INTO IT IN MID-AIR.



CRASH!



WITH THE TARGETEERS RELIEVING THE PRESSURE, THE TARGET SOON RECOVERS -

LIKE A RAT DESERTING A SINKING SHIP, THE AGENT FLEES WITH THE PLANS AS THE TARGETEERS ARE MAKING SHORT WORK OF HIS MEN—

STAY AND WATCH THE FUN, PAT. I'M GOING TO HAVE A SHOWDOWN WITH THIS GUY!



—HE REACHES THE ELEVATOR FOR A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE TARGET!

PULLING A FAST ONE, EH? GOING UP INSTEAD OF DOWN—



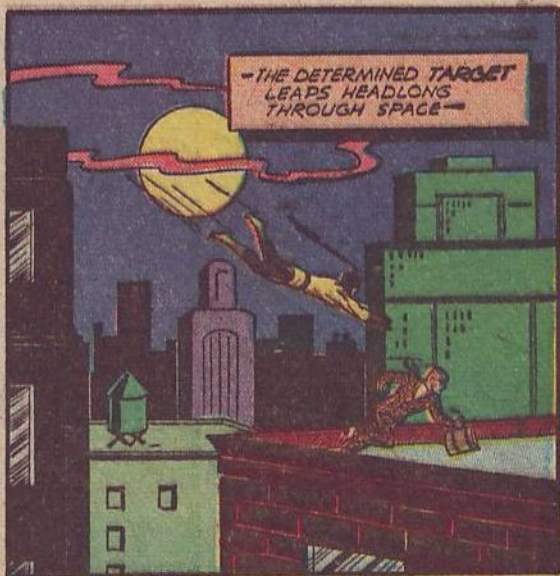
THE TARGET SPRINTS TOWARD THE ROOF—



IT'S ABOUT TIME WE DECIDED FOR GOOD THAT THOSE PLANS BELONG TO UNCLE SAM!



—THE DETERMINED TARGET LEAPS HEADLONG THROUGH SPACE—



AAAAA!



REALIZING HE IS "ON THE SPOT" THE AGENT PUTS UP A STRONG BATTLE AGAINST THE POWERFUL TARGET—

OH!—SO YOU WANT MORE!



BOY! YOU SURE LIKE PUNISHMENT!

OW!



GROGGY AT THIS POINT, THE AGENT LUNGES WILDLY AT THE TARGET, WHO SIDESTEPS-AND-



I'LL HAVE THOSE PLANS YET!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

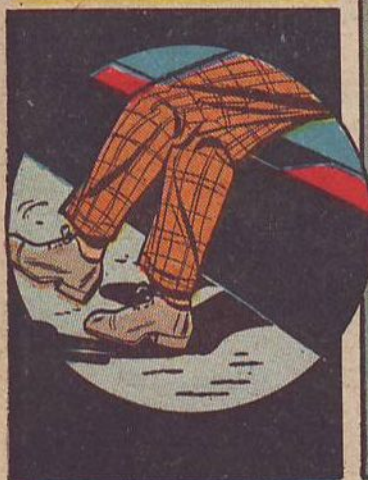
YOU'RE ASKING FOR ALL THIS - - AND I CAN'T SAY YOU DON'T DESERVE IT!



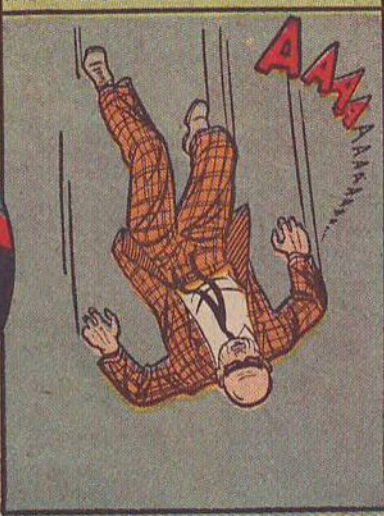
A FINAL BLOW FINISHES HIS OPPONENT. THE TARGET SENDS HIM REELING ALONG THE ROOF'S EDGE-



AS FATE WOULD WANT IT, THE STAGGERING FIGURE TOTTERS, THEN TRIPS



A TWELVE STORY FALL INTO SPACE- THE TARGET HAS ONE LESS ENEMY-



TOO BAD I DIDN'T FIND OUT WHO HE WAS - BUT I'VE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO RIGHT NOW!



SEIZING THE PLANS, THE TARGET RETURNS-

LOOKS LIKE YOUR TRIP WAS SUCCESSFUL, TARGET - I SEE YOU HAVE THE PLANS!

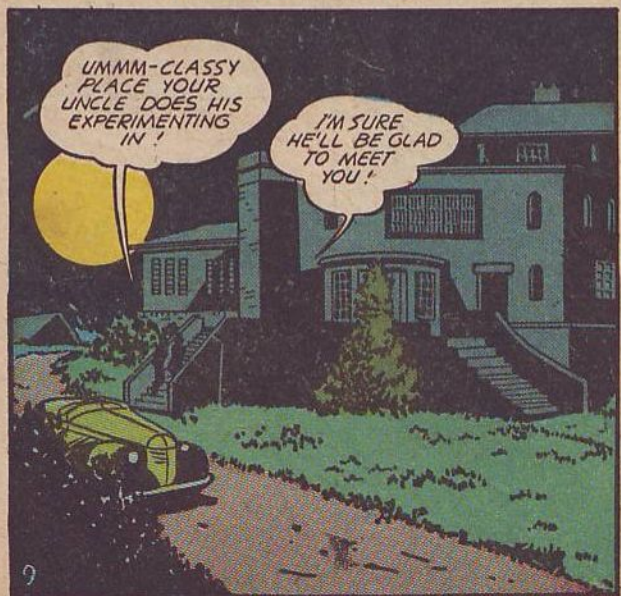
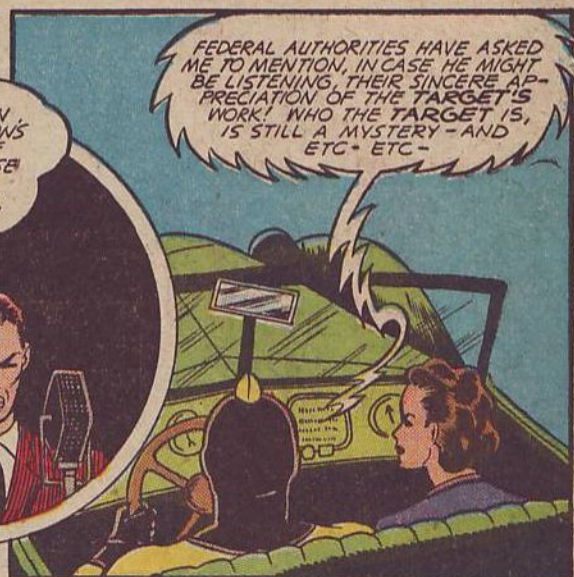
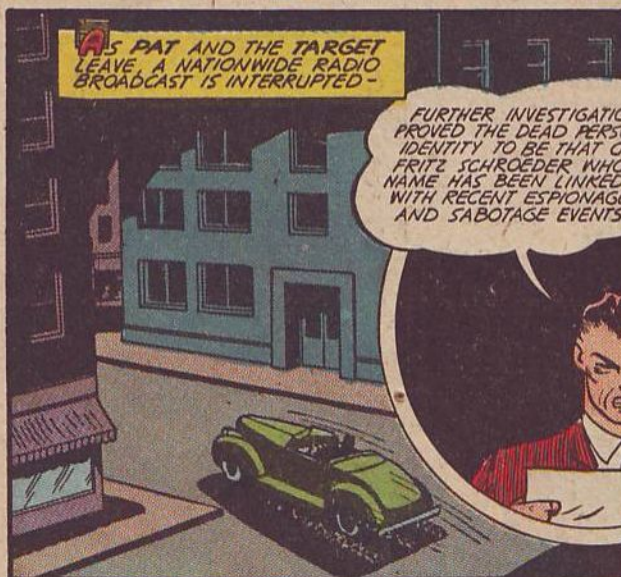
RIGHT, AND THE NEXT MOVE IS TO SEE THAT THEY'RE RETURNED TO UNCLE SAM WHERE THEY BELONG!



-AND AS FOR YOU - I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK!

PLEASE, TARGET - IF YOU WON'T LET MY UNCLE RETURN THE PLANS IN ORDER TO CLEAR COLONEL CUSHING'S NAME, DO COME AND MEET HIM FIRST SO THAT YOU MAY AT LEAST BE CONVINCED OF THE TRUTH OF MY STORY!





PAT'S UNCLE RETELLS THE TRAGIC STORY OF HIS GAS DISCOVERY-

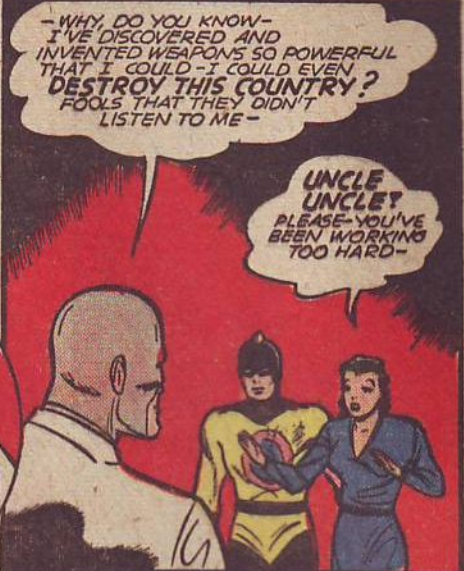
NATURALLY I WAS DISAPPOINTED WHEN THEY REFUSED TO MAKE USE OF MY GAS INVENTION. WITH MY SKIN SO TERRIBLY BURNED I OFTEN PRAYED THAT I MIGHT BE DEAD

I CAN UNDERSTAND HOW YOU MUST HAVE FELT-

HOWEVER- I FINALLY RESIGNED MYSELF TO MAKING THE MOST OF THINGS AS THEY WERE. THE PENSION MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO CARRY ON MY WORK-

-WHY DO YOU KNOW- I'VE DISCOVERED AND INVENTED WEAPONS SO POWERFUL THAT I COULD EVEN DESTROY THIS COUNTRY? FOOLS THAT THEY DIDN'T LISTEN TO ME-

UNCLE UNCLE! PLEASE-YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD-



LET ME GET YOU SOME TEA, UNCLE!! I HOPE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THAT UNCLE DIDN'T MEAN WHAT HE SAID!

THAT'S RIGHT I'M SO SORRY- OF COURSE I DIDN'T MEAN WHAT I SAID-PERHAPS I DO NEED SOME TEA!

-SO TO CONTINUE - WHEN I HAD INFORMATION ABOUT THE STOLEN PLANS AND SAW A CHANCE TO CLEAR COLONEL CUSHING'S NAME-ER-BY THE WAY, MAY I SEE THE PLANS- JUST TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE THE REAL ONES?

I'M GLAD TO FIND THAT YOUR STORY JIBES WITH PATS- AS FOR THE PLANS- THEY WERE IN THIS BRIEFCASE!



WELL-COME, COME, GIVE IT TO ME! YOU-YOU FOOL!

OKAY-IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT!

EMPTY-IT'S EMPTY!

IT'S-IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT-I'LL-I'LL-



WARTLEY, NOW MAD WITH RAGE, PROVES HIMSELF VERY NIMBLE



MINUTES LATER THE TARGET COMES TO AND FINDS HIMSELF IN A TIGHTLY SEALED CHAMBER

GOOD LORD!
WHERE AM I?

- IN MY PRIVATE DEATH CHAMBER, TARGET- AND ABOUT TO RECEIVE A SAMPLE OF MY GASES!

COUGH!! COUGH!! I-I CAN'T BREATHE

GOOD BYE, FOOL! YOU MAY CONSIDER YOURSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT I AM TO DO- BUT YOU'LL NEVER KNOW!

AS THE TARGET IS ABOUT TO COLLAPSE, THE FLOW OF GAS CEASES.

THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT! NOW TO TRY AND GET OUT OF HERE!

USING HIS EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH, THE TARGET BREAKS OUT OF THE CHAMBER.

IT'S A GOOD THING I GAVE DAVE AND TOMMY THE PLANS BEFORE WE CAME HERE!

HE'S DISAPPEARED AND PAT TOO!!! THE MAN'S MAD! HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING!

- THE TARGET SPEEDS FOR HOME-

FIRST I BETTER MAKE SURE ABOUT THE PLANS!

WE LEFT THEM AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS TOGETHER WITH A NOTE TELLING WHERE TO FIND THE AGENT'S MEN!

THAT'S FINE, BOYS- BUT WE'VE A REAL JOB TO DO NOW! PAT'S UNCLE IS-

THE TARGET IS INTERRUPTED BY A SPECIAL NEWS BROADCAST.

THE GANG WAS DISCOVERED TO BE THAT OF FRITZ SCHROEDER, WHO WAS FOUND DEAD EARLIER IN THE EVENING! THE PRESIDENT HAS ISSUED A SPECIAL WORD OF THANKS TO THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS FOR RECOVERY OF THE STOLEN PLANS AND ALSO....

ANOTHER INTERRUPTION-

I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. ANNOUNCER, BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!! I AM THE TARGET, AND I KNOW NOTHING OF THE PLANS- THOSE WHO THINK ME AN ENEMY OF CRIME ARE MISTAKEN-

I'LL SHOW YOU STUPID AMERICANS A THING OR TWO- AND I'M STARTING IN TONIGHT- WITH THE PUBLIC LIBRARY..... YOU'LL REMEMBER THE TARGET.....

THAT VOICE!
IT WAS THAT OF PAT'S UNCLE! GREAT SCOTT- THIS IS TERRIBLE!

MAYBE HE'S JUST BLUFFING.

NEXT MORNING-

DAILY TIMES
EXTRA!!!
PUBLIC LIBRARY
IN RUINS
TARGET BLAMED FOR
CATASTROPHE!

LOOKS LIKE PAT'S UNCLE WASN'T BLUFFING!!! WILL THE TARGET CLEAR HIS NAME AND WILL HE BE ABLE TO STOP THIS MADMAN'S REIGN OF TERROR? AND WHAT ABOUT PAT? THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS HAVE A REAL JOB ON THEIR HANDS NOW - AND THEY'LL GO TO TOWN IN THE MAY ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS

The Chameleon

WASHINGTON, D.C. THE Chameleon, MASTER OF DISGUISE, AND SLIM, ARE ON THE TRACK OF ANOTHER OFFICE OF THE FATHERLAND FEDERATION - FIFTH COLUMN ORGANIZATION WHOSE NEW YORK BRANCH WAS RECENTLY EXPOSED

UNCLE SAM IS SURE KEEPING YOU BUSY, BOSS!

THE BUSIER THE BETTER, SLIM!

By Bob Davis

NOW, BOSS, YOU BE CAREFUL IN THERE! IF YOU GET INTO TROUBLE YOU -

QUIET, PAL - DADDY'LL BE ALL RIGHT...YOU WAIT....

THE Chameleon APPROACHES THE HIDEOUT DOOR, RAPS OUT A SIGNAL

HEIL-! I'M LIEBER, DER MAN WHO ESCAPED DER NEW YORK ROUND-UP...VUN SIDE, I -

OH-H-! VE HEARD OF YOU, TOUGH GUY! YOU DON'T LOOK SO LIKE YOUR PICTURE-

I SAID VUN SIDE! I'M IN A HURRY!

SOCK!

ACH!

WHO'S IN CHARGE OFF THIS OFFICE?

I AM! UND I GUESS YOU MUST BE LIEBER ALL RIGHT...VE HEARD YOU VAS QUICK-TEMPERED...COME IN -

YOU WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT OUR NEW YORK LEADER, HERR KROFT, IS TO BE RESCUED FROM DER F.B.I. MEN TOMORROW.... THEY ARE BRINGING HIM TO VASHINGTON FOR TRIAL.

RESCUED? HOW CAN HE BE RESCUED FROM DER F.B.I.?

HE ARRIVES BY PLANE TOMORROW, UND VE HAVE ARRANGED TO SNATCH HIM IN THE OLD AMERICAN GANGSTER FASHION - A FAST CAR, MACHINE GUNS, SPEED, SURPRISE -!

I SEE -

HE WILL BE ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU, HERR LIEBER.

VERY GOOT.... I WILL BE ON HAND TOMORROW....
HEIL, DER LEADER!

HEIL, DER LEADER!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, THE Chameleon, AS HIMSELF, ENTERS THE OFFICES OF THE F.B.I. --

HELLO, Chameleon! WHAT'S NEW ON THAT FEDERATION BUNCH?

PUL-ENTY, MISTER.... THEY PLAN TO SNATCH KROFT FROM YOU BOYS TOMORROW!

OPTIMISTIC. AREN'T THEY, Chameleon?

NOT AT ALL, MISTER.... WE'RE GOING TO LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT.... ONLY I WILL BE ON THAT PLANE DISGUISED AS KROFT. IN HIS SHOES I'LL GET A REAL INSIDE TRACK... AGREED?

YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S DANGEROUS, THOUGH - AND TRICKY!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.... YOU MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS, AND I'LL BE AROUND IN THE MORNING - AS KROFT!

OKAY, MAN.... IF YOU GET IN WITH THEM SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHY THEY'VE BEEN BUYING PNEUMATIC DRILL EQUIPMENT.... GOOD LUCK!

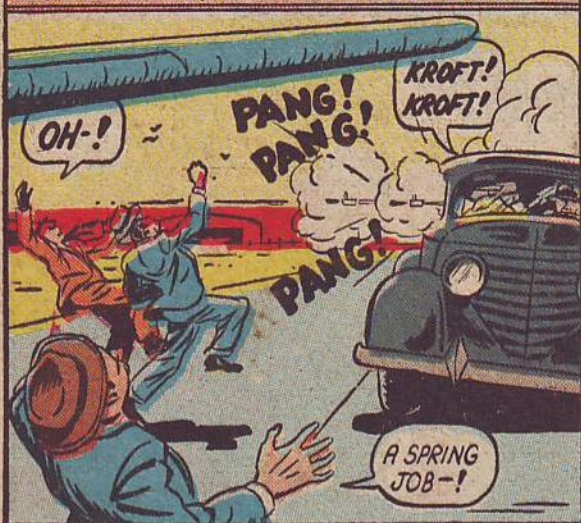
THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE APPOINTED TIME, A PLANE, SUPPOSEDLY CARRYING HERR KROFT, APPROACHES THE WASHINGTON AIRPORT....

AS THE PLANE LANDS (WITH THE Chameleon, ALIAS KROFT) AND THE F.B.I. MEN ALIGHT, A LARGE BLACK SEDAN SWOOPS TOWARD THEM!

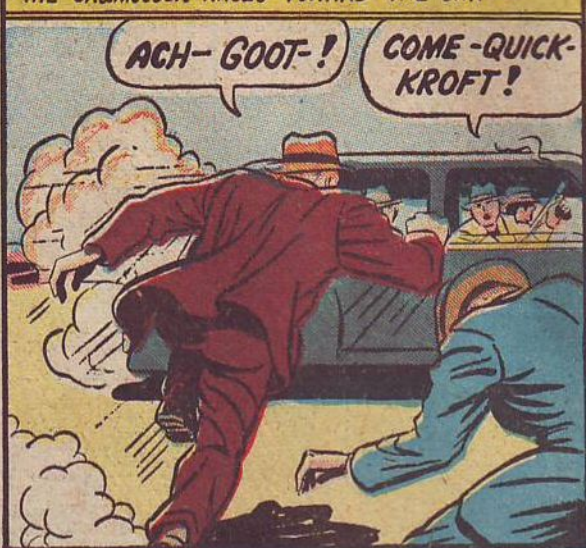
STEP ON IT, HANS!

THERE'S KROFT, NOW -

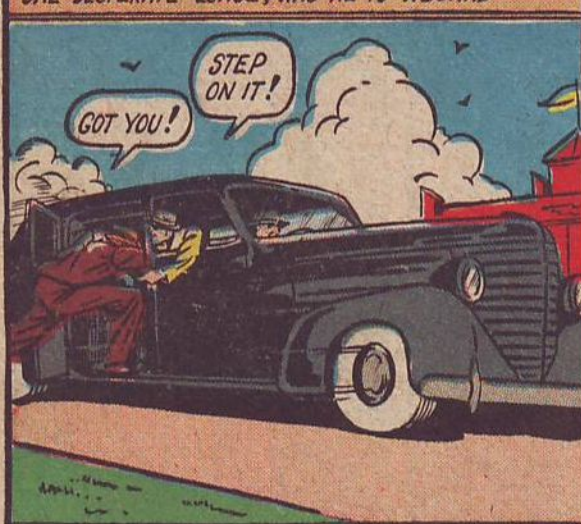
THE CAR REELS UP—GUNS POPPING ANGRILY....
FEIGNING WOUNDS, THE G-MEN FALL TO THE GROUND—



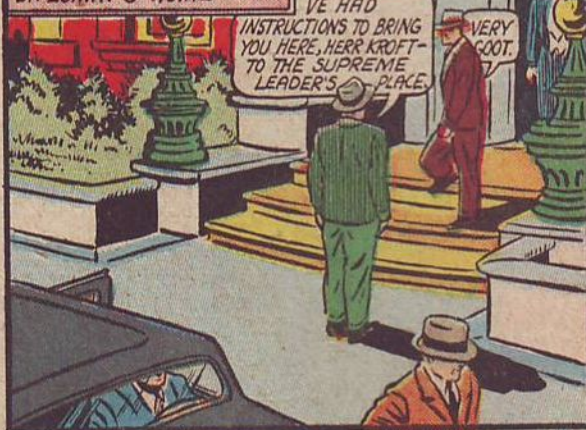
THE Chameleon RACES TOWARD THE CAR—



ONE DESPERATE LUNGE, AND HE IS ABOARD....



THEN, AFTER A FAST, FURIOUS RIDE TO A FASHIONABLE SECTION OF THE CITY, THE Chameleon IS TAKEN TO A CERTAIN DIPLOMAT'S HOME....



INSIDE....

AH, HERR KROFT—CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR ESCAPE....TELL ME—WHAT CAUSED THE NEW YORK COLLAPSE?

A MAN CALLED THE Chameleon, EXCELLENCY—DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A MEMBER, GOT INTO OUR MIDST, AND LEARNED MANY OF OUR SECRETS.



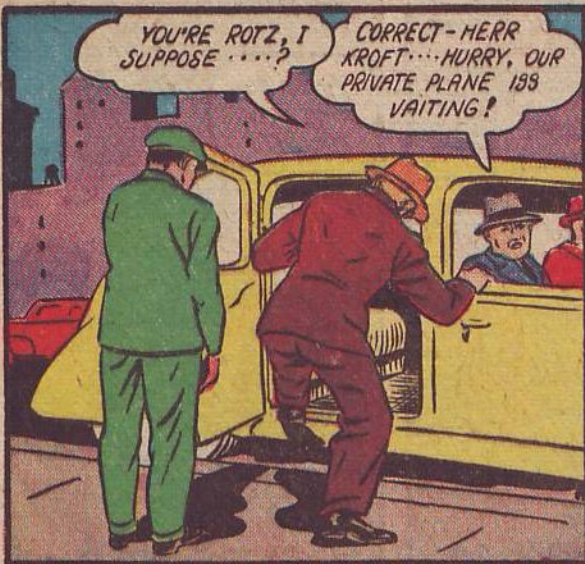
IT IS FORTUNATE THEY DIDN'T DISCOVER OUR DRILLING ACTIVITIES.... YOU MUST SECRETLY RETURN TO NEW YORK, KROFT, AND CONTINUE WITH THE WORK—IMMEDIATELY! THE ARRANGEMENTS HAVE ALL BEEN MADE....



ONE HOUR LATER, THE Chameleon AND SLIM AWAIT HERR ROTZ AT THE APPOINTED PLACE....

WHO IS THIS GUY ROTZ, BOSS?
I THINK HE'S THE BIRD I SOCKED LAST NIGHT...WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL OF HIM.





YOU'RE ROTZ, I
SUPPOSE?

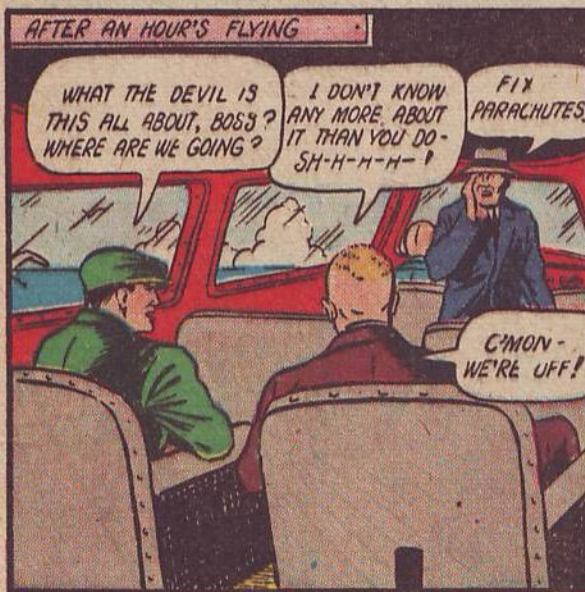
CORRECT-HERR
KROFT...HURRY, OUR
PRIVATE PLANE IS
WAITING!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY TAKE OFF, HEAD
OUT TO SEA, THEN SWING NORTH

VE VILL PROCEED NORTH TO A SPOT
OPPOSITE NEW YORK, HERR KROFT.
THEN VE MUST PARACHUTE INTO
THE SEA TO BE PICKED UP
BY A LAUNCH....

I SEE-



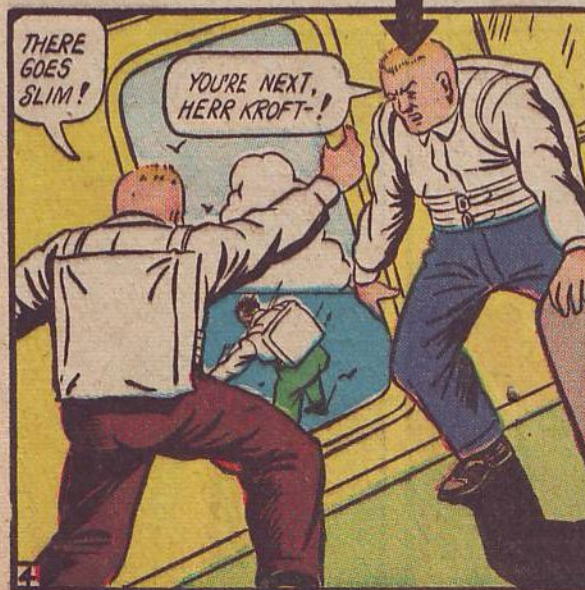
AFTER AN HOUR'S FLYING

WHAT THE DEVIL IS
THIS ALL ABOUT, BOSS?
WHERE ARE WE GOING?

I DON'T KNOW
ANY MORE ABOUT
IT THAN YOU DO-
SH-H-H-H-H-!

FIX
PARACHUTES.

C'MON-
WE'RE OFF!



THERE
GOES
SLIM!

YOU'RE NEXT,
HERR KROFT-!



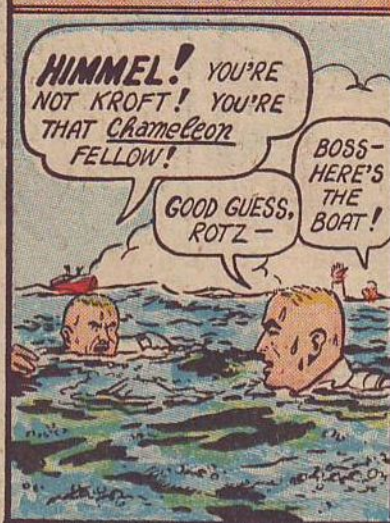
BOY- THAT
WATER LOOKS
COLD!

FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THEIR
PARACHUTES DOT THE SKY....

AS THE *Chameleon* STRIKES THE WATER, THE IMPACT DISLODGES PART OF HIS FACIAL DISGUISE



AND BEFORE HE CAN FIX IT, ROTZ SWIMS UP TO DISCOVER HIM



HIMMEL! YOU'RE NOT KROFT! YOU'RE THAT *Chameleon* FELLOW!

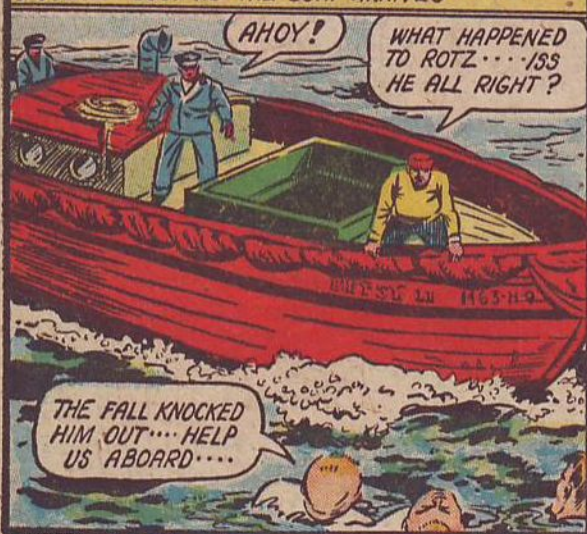
GOOD GUESS, ROTZ -

BOSS - HERE'S THE BOAT!

BUT A BAD TIME TO PULL IT!



WITH ROTZ UNCONSCIOUS, THE *Chameleon* FIXES HIS DISGUISE - JUST AS THE BOAT ARRIVES



AHOY!

WHAT HAPPENED TO ROTZ... IS HE ALL RIGHT?

THE FALL KNOCKED HIM OUT... HELP US ABOARD...

AS THEY CLIMB ABOARD, THE *Chameleon* NOTICES TWO MEN WINDING A HUGE CHAIN UP OUT OF THE WATER



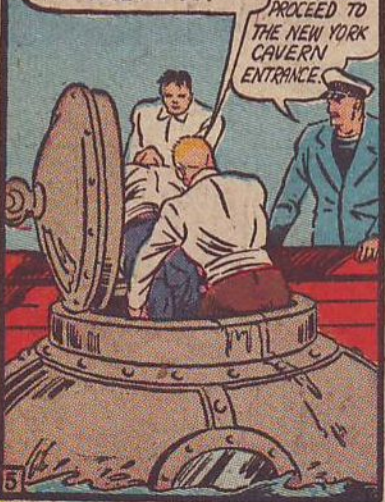
WE BROUGHT THE DIVING BELL VID US, HEAR KROFT - PRECAUTION AGAINST COAST GUARD DEY ARE SEARCHING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU

HEAVE IT!

GOOT!

VE BETTER TAKE ROTZ IN THE BELL VID US.

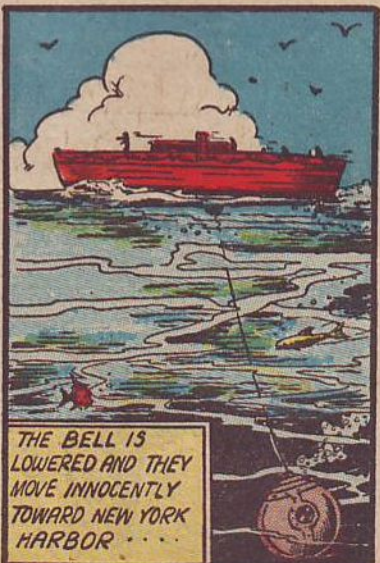
JA - UND NOW VE WILL PROCEED TO THE NEW YORK CAVERN ENTRANCE.



A MOMENT LATER THE *Chameleon* AND SLIM ARE ALONE IN THE BELL WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS ROTZ

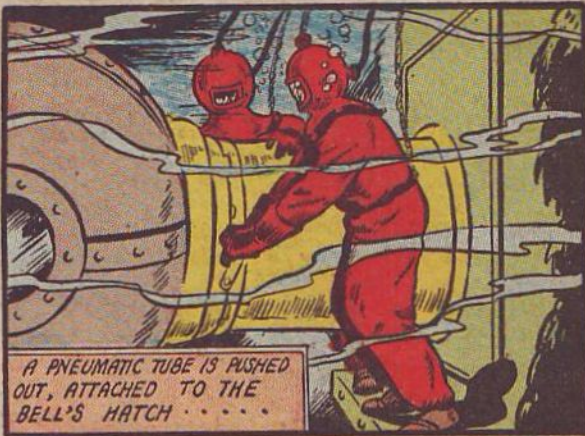
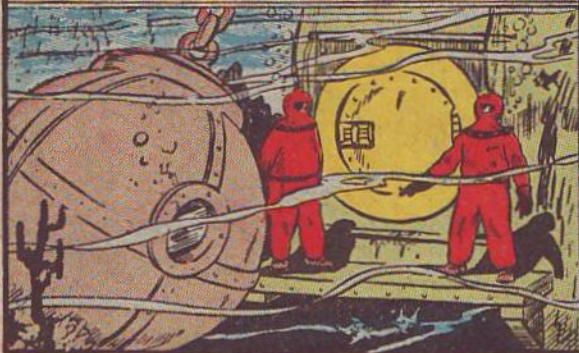
PARACHUTES - DIVING BELLS - CAVERNS - BOSS, THIS BUSINESS IS DRIVING ME NUTS!

CAN'T HELP IT, LAD. WE'VE GOT TO PLAY BALL WITH THESE BIRDS... WE'RE ON THE TRACK OF SOMETHING HOT!



THE BELL IS LOWERED AND THEY MOVE INNOCENTLY TOWARD NEW YORK HARBOR

THREE HOURS LATER, THE BELL ARRIVES AT AN UNDER-WATER MOORING JUST ABOVE MANHATTAN IN THE HUDSON RIVER - DIVERS AWAIT TO MAKE IT FAST.

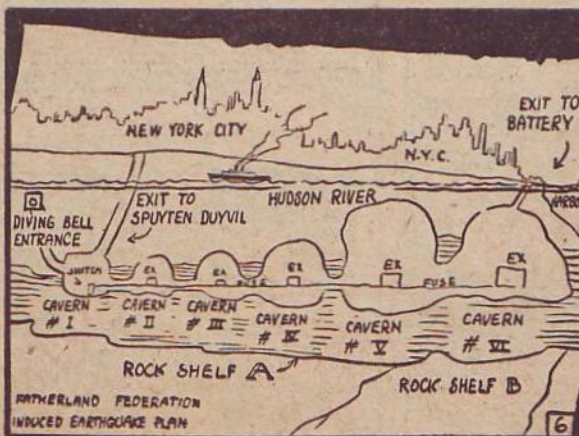
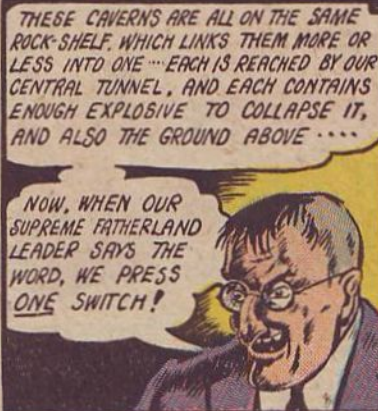
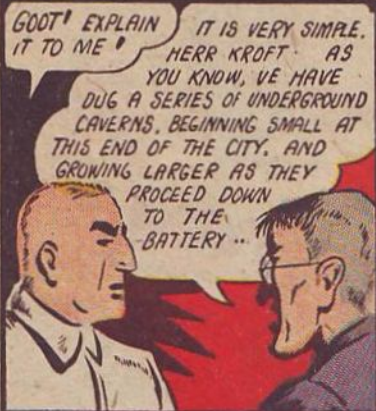


A PNEUMATIC TUBE IS PUSHED OUT, ATTACHED TO THE BELL'S HATCH

A MOMENT LATER THE CHAMELEON EMERGES FROM THE BELL INTO A STONY UNDER GROUND CAVERN



THE UNCONSCIOUS ROTZ AND SLIM COME NEXT.... A WIRY, BESPECTACLED MAN APPROACHES THE CHAMELEON.



FOR A SPLIT SECOND, THERE IS A STUNNED SILENCE, THEN -

EEE- TRAITOR! THE GET JUMP TO
F.B.I MUST KNOW, TOO! HIM IT, SLIM!
SET OFF THE SWITCH! DOG!
QUICK!

THAT'S HIM!
THE SPY!

TRAITOR!

HERE WE
GO- BOSS!

QUICK!



ABRUPTLY THE
SWITCH IS PUSHED!

KILL
HIM!

SLAM
HIM
DOWN!

QUICK!
WE MUST
GET OUT

FINISH
HIM!

BANG!

AS THE Chameleon FALLS TO THE
GROUND, HIS HAND BRUSHES A
PACKAGE OF DYNAMITE
STICKS

HEY-!
LOOK-
DYNAMITE!



THE SWITCH!
THE SWITCH BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE

WE MUST
GET OUT-
ESCAPE!

SNOOPING
CUR!



COMPLETE PANIC SUDDENLY GRIPS
THE MEN...THEY MAKE A WILD
DASH FOR THE REAR EXIT...

HALP!

LET
ME
OUT!

(HE'S GONNA THROW!)



THAT'LL STOP YOU BIRDS-!



JUST BEFORE THEY REACH IT,
THE Chameleon THROWS -

THE EXPLOSION IS RIGHT AT THE
EXIT - CRUMPLING IT IN, AND
TRAPPING THE MEN INSIDE



THE Chameleon GRABS SLIM'S ARM-
"BOSS-NOW WE'RE
ALL TRAPPED!"

EXIT AT OTHER END-
OMON WE GOTTA PUT
OUT THAT FUSE!



IF ONE OF THOSE
CAVES IN FRONT OF
US GO -

BEFORE WE GET
THROUGH - WE'RE
LICKED!

CATCH
EM!
STOP!



FRANTICALLY, THEY BEGIN A RACE
WITH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

SUDDENLY - JUST AS THEY PASS
THROUGH THE FIRST CAVE -



ABOVE GROUND, THE FIRST TREMORS OF THE FALSE QUAKE BEGIN TO BE FELT.



A FEW BUILDINGS TOPPLE...



UNDERGROUND AGAIN, THE Chameleon AND SLIM ARE BARELY GETTING THROUGH THE CAVERNS AHEAD OF THE EXPLOSIONS



WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE ARE!

HOLD TIGHT, BOY! THERE'S THE BURNING FUSE AHEAD-!



THE Chameleon TAKES ONE DESPERATE LEAP....

EASY-BOSS-!

GOT IT!



NINE HOUR LATER, THE EARTHQUAKE QUELLED, THE Chameleon AND SLIM ARE IN THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF THE F.B.I. - EXPLAINING

SO THAT'S THE REASON FOR THEIR BUYING ALL THE PNEUMATIC DRILL EQUIPMENT - AND THAT'S THE END OF THE QUAKE... NOW, IF I WERE YOU, I'D GRAB THAT LITTLE DIPLOMAT DOWN IN WASHINGTON... HE'S THE

YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB, Chameleon.

REAL BIG SHOT! WE'LL DO THAT IMMEDIATELY!



LATER - IN WASHINGTON - WHEN THE F.B.I. ATTEMPT TO TAKE THE LITTLE DIPLOMAT INTO CUSTODY, THEY FIND HIM GONE.

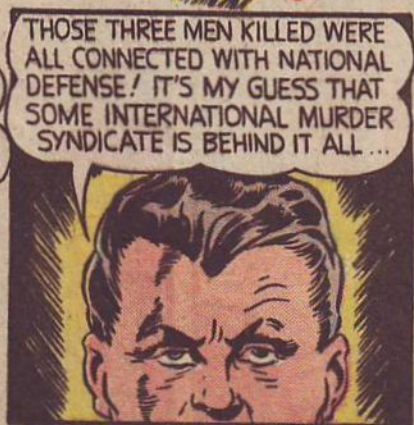
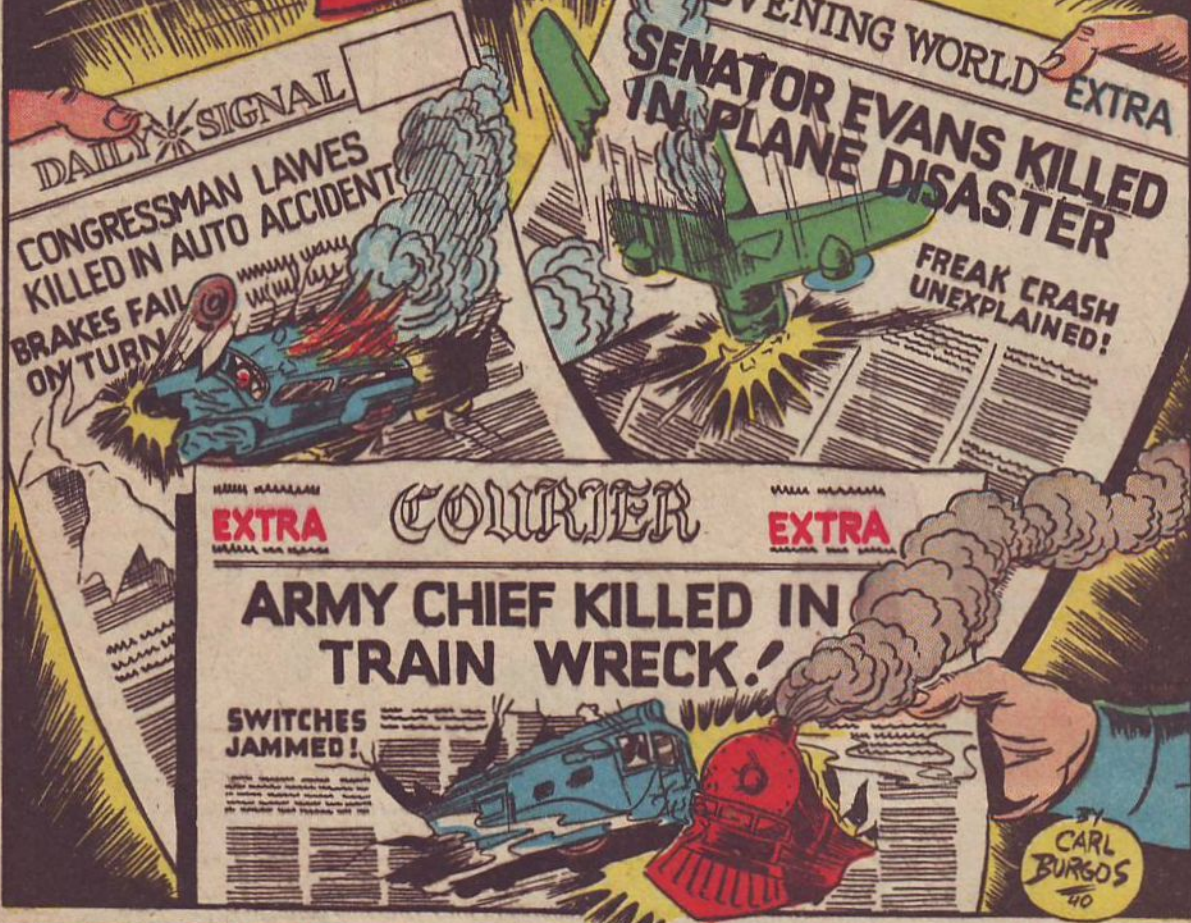
HIM - HE'S GONE ALL RIGHT - HERE'S A NOTE.



Gentlemen of the F.B.I. - Please pay my respects to the Chameleon, and tell him that the next Coup will be mine and the Fatherlands! Sincerely - Sir Toph...

ANOTHER EXCITING STORY OF THE Chameleon IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET ONE

THE WHITE STREAK





WAIT! DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING, HOOK?

YES, IT SOUNDS LIKE A PROCESSION! I WONDER IF..

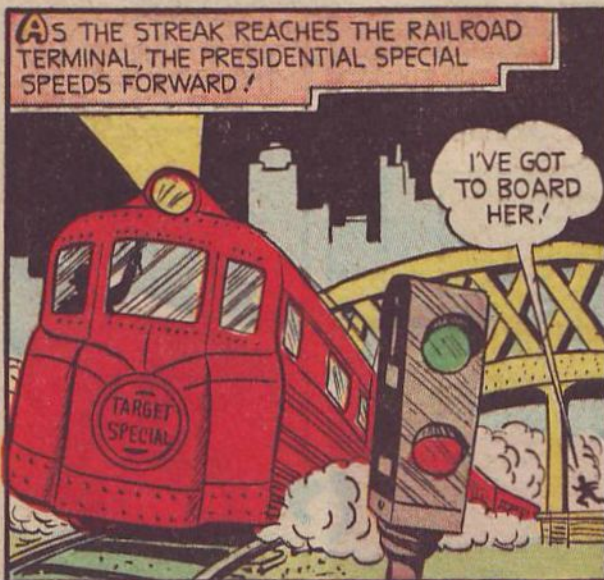


IT'S THE PRESIDENT! HE'S ON HIS WAY TO THE TRAIN!

AND WITHOUT TAKING PRECAUTIONS!



DON'T WORRY, I'LL SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO HIM!



AS THE STREAK REACHES THE RAILROAD TERMINAL, THE PRESIDENTIAL SPECIAL SPEEDS FORWARD!

I'VE GOT TO BOARD HER!



THE STREAK LEAPS AS THE LAST CAR SWISHES PAST!

MADE IT!



FORCING THE REAR DOOR OPEN, THE STREAK EDGES INSIDE THE TRAIN!



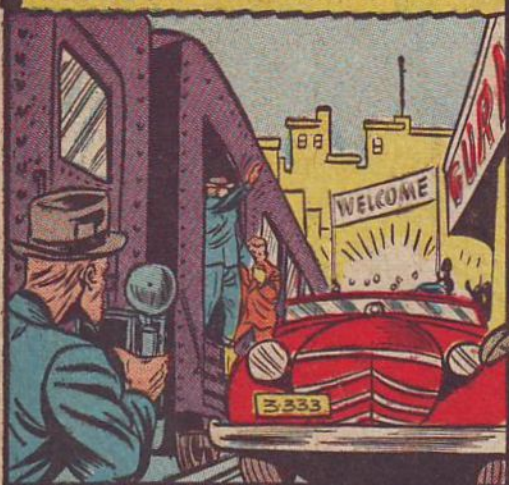
LATER!

WE'LL REACH GARNEY IN TEN MINUTES, MISTER PRESIDENT!



WITH BRAKES SCREECHING, THE PRESIDENT'S TRAIN COMES TO A STOP AT GARNEY, VIRGINIA!

MIDST CHEERING THROGS OF PEOPLE, THE PRESIDENT CHANGES FROM HIS TRAIN TO AN OPEN TOURING CAR.



SUDDENLY A LANKY FIGURE, WAVING A GUN, PUSHES TOWARD THE CAR.



HE'S AIMING AT THE PRESIDENT!

STOP THAT LUNATIC !!

WELCOME

3-333

HA! THIS'LL STOP YA' MR. PRESIDENT!



INSIDE THE PRESIDENT'S CAR.

ARE YOU HURT, SIR?

NOPE! THE BULLET MERELY SPLIT MY CIGARETTE HOLDER!



MEANWHILE...

TRY TO MURDER THE PRESIDENT, EH?

SOCK!



THE KILLER RECOVERS FROM THE STREAK'S BLOW AND CHARGES FORWARD.

MISSED!

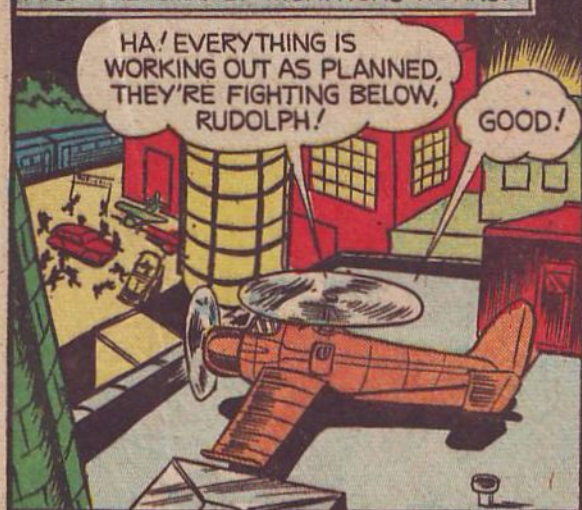


THE STREAK CHARGES HIS FIST WITH ELECTRONS AND CRASHES IT ON HIS OPPONENT'S JAW!



3

WHILE UNNOTICED, AN AUTOGIRO LANDS ATOP THE GARNEY MUNITIONS WORKS.



SPLIT SECONDS LATER, OVER THE SAME PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM THE PRESIDENT WAS TO USE, A WARNING FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR.



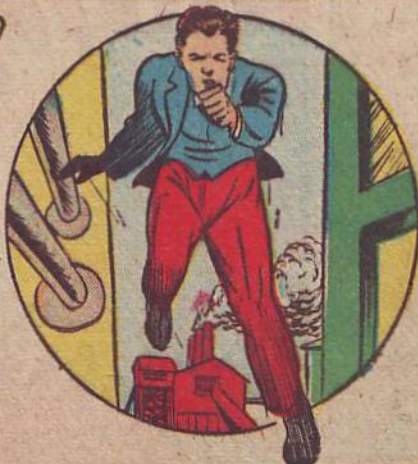
WHILE THE STREAK MOMENTARILY LOOSENS HIS GRIP ON THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN



THIS'LL HOLD YOU TILL I SETTLE YOUR PALS!



IN A BURST OF SPEED, THE STREAK RACES INSIDE THE BUILDING!



THOSE RATS ARE LIGHTING A FUSE THAT LEADS TO THE GUN POWDER ROOM! I'LL FIX THEM!

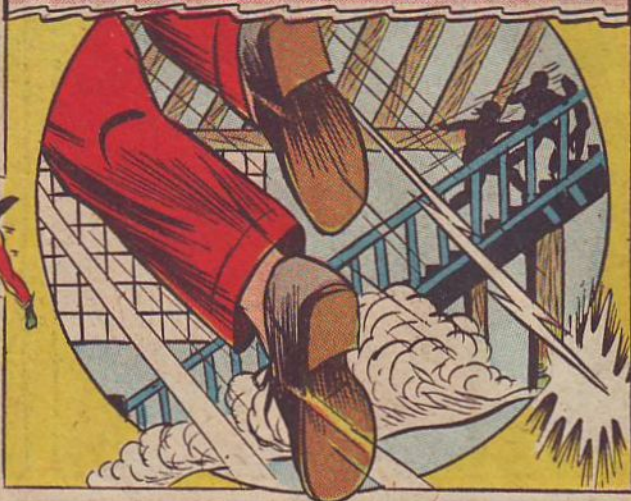


LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE! THE
FUSE IS LIT!

YES...WAIT!
SOMEONE'S
COMING!



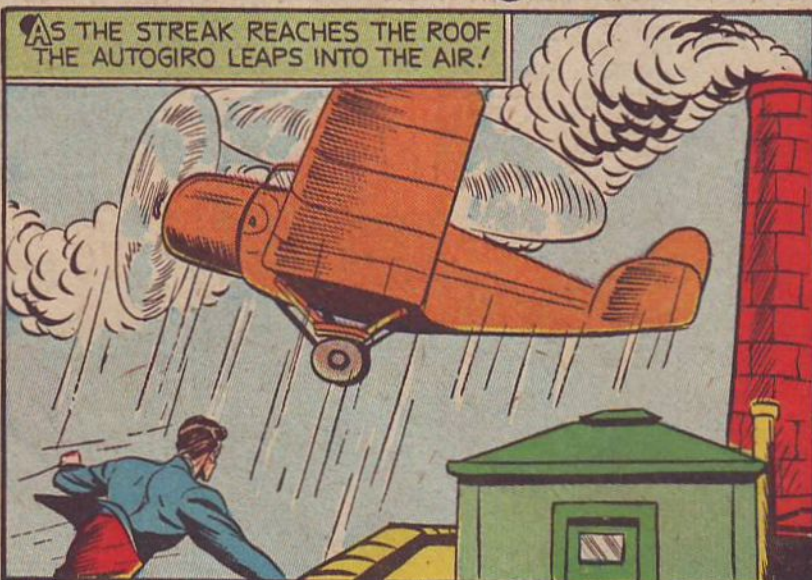
THE STREAK THUNDERS DOWN THE CORRIDOR
IN SWIFT PURSUIT, AT THE SAME TIME SEVERING
THE LIGHTED FUSE WITH HIS ELECTRONIC RAYS.



THAT GUY IS RIGHT
BEHIND US! GET
INTO THE PLANE!



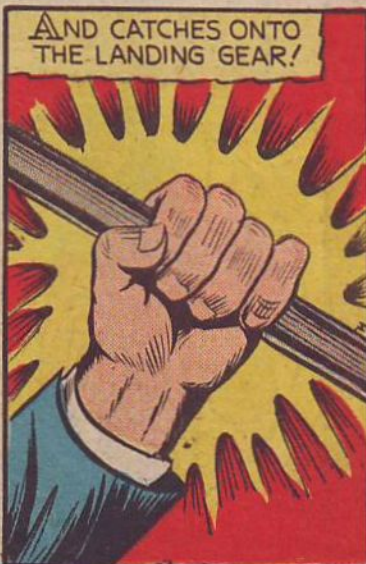
AS THE STREAK REACHES THE ROOF
THE AUTOGIRO LEAPS INTO THE AIR!



LIKE AN ARROW, THE STREAK
JUMPS STRAIGHT UP...



AND CATCHES ONTO
THE LANDING GEAR!



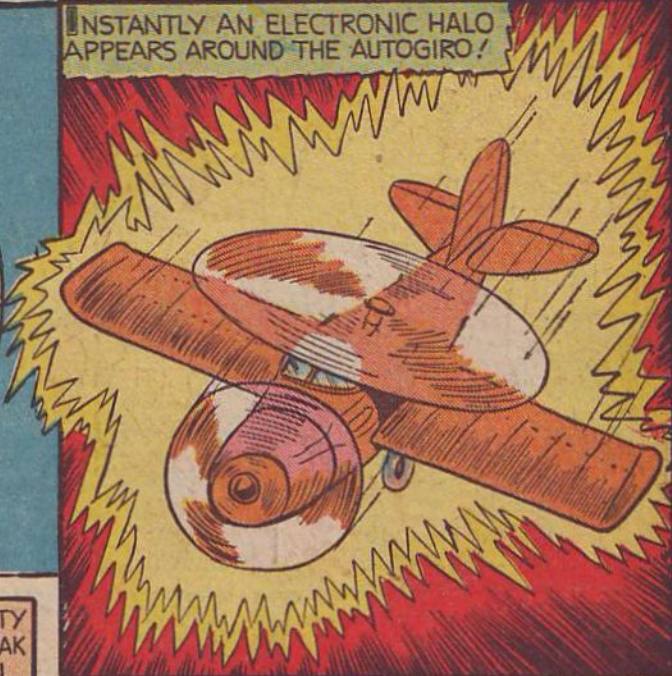
HM..M. THIS SHIP
IS MADE OF METAL.
THAT GIVES ME
AN IDEA!



THE STREAK GETS A FIRM HOLD ON THE GEAR AND SPARKS HIS BODY WITH ELECTRONS.



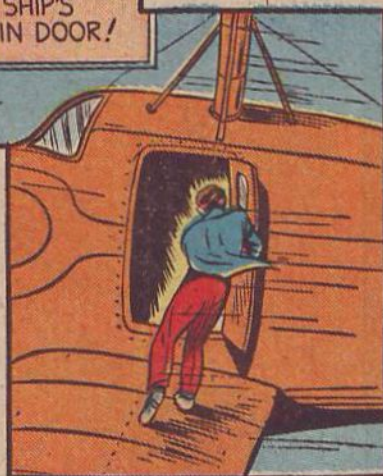
INSTANTLY AN ELECTRONIC HALO APPEARS AROUND THE AUTOGIRO!



I HOPE IT WORKED!
NOW TO GET INTO
THE CABIN!



WITH A MIGHTY
PULL, THE STREAK
FORCES OPEN
THE SHIP'S
CABIN DOOR!



IT
WORKED!



LAUGHINGLY, THE STREAK
MOVES TOWARD THE
CONTROLS!



NOW TO
LAND THIS
BABY!

THE PLANE SHOOTS
DOWN TOWARD
EARTH!







OW-UCH!

THAT'S ONLY
A SAMPLE,
CHUMP!



THIS'LL KEEP
YOU PEACEFUL
FOR A WHILE!



NICE GOING, STREAK!
I'VE TAKEN CARE OF
THE OTHERS! BUT
TELL ME..



WHEN I SAW THESE
MEN, THEY WERE
MOTIONLESS... HOW
DID YOU DO IT?

SIMPLE, HOOK, I
SPRAYED THEIR PLANE
WITH ELECTRONS, ANY
LIVING OBJECT INSIDE
BECAME TEMPORARILY
PARALYZED!



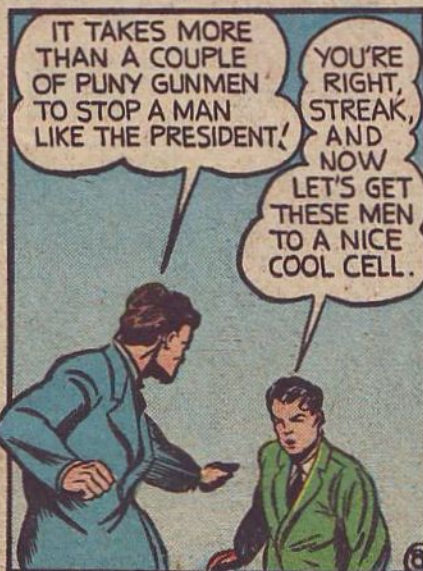
AND WHEN I MADE
A CIRCULAR MOTION
WITH MY FOOT I
CREATED A CHARGE
OF STATIC ELECTRICITY
WHICH BROKE THE
PARALYZING SPELL!

GOOD WORK!
AND THEY
WILL BE
PARALYZED
PERMANENTLY
... BY PROCESS
OF LAW!



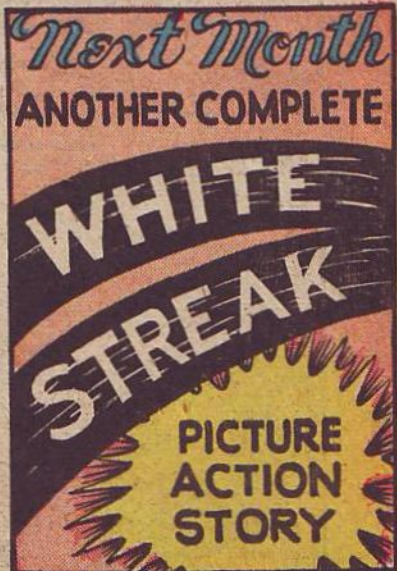
LISTEN..THE
PRESIDENT...
HE'S MAKING
HIS SPEECH!

AND
AFTER AN
ATTEMPT
WAS MADE
ON HIS
LIFE!



IT TAKES MORE
THAN A COUPLE
OF PUNY GUNMEN
TO STOP A MAN
LIKE THE PRESIDENT!

YOU'RE
RIGHT,
STREAK,
AND
NOW
LET'S GET
THESE MEN
TO A NICE
COOL CELL.



Next Month
ANOTHER COMPLETE

WHITE
STREAK

PICTURE
ACTION
STORY

A Fantastic Feature Film in Comicolor

Treasure Island

By Robert Louis Stevenson

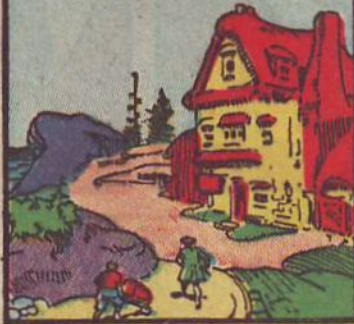


Retold in Pictures
by HAROLD DELAY

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY
AND DR. LIVESY
HAVE ASKED ME TO
WRITE DOWN THE PARTICU-
LARS ABOUT TREASURE
ISLAND...



MY FATHER KEPT THE
ADMIRAL BEN BOW INN.



ONE DAY AN OLD SEAMAN CAME
PLODDING TO THE
INN DOOR, HIS
SEA CHEST FOLLOWING.



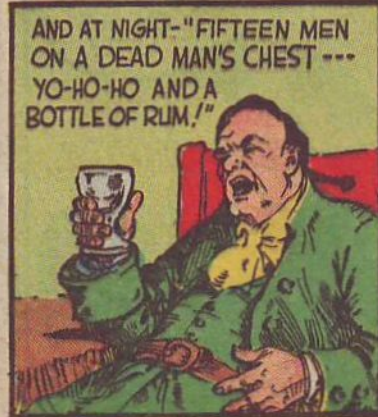
"THIS IS A HANDY COVE," HE
SAID, "JUST THE BERTH
FOR ME."



ALL DAY
HE HUNG
AROUND
THE COVE,
OR UPON THE
CLIFFS WITH
A BRASS
TELESCOPE



AND AT NIGHT—"FIFTEEN MEN
ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST ---
YO-HO-HO AND A
BOTTLE OF RUM!"





OCCASIONALLY, IN A GENEROUS MOOD, HE WOULD GIVE ME A SILVER FOURPENNY.

BUT MOSTLY HE WAS A TERROR: AT NIGHT HE HAUNTED MY DREAMS.

WHEN DRINKING HE WOULD FORCE ALL TO LISTEN TO HIS STORIES---

- OR JOIN HIM IN SONG. THE NEIGHBORS, FEARING FOR THEIR LIVES, WOULD OBEY.

BUT WHEN DR. LIVESEY CAME, THINGS CHANGED.

THE DOCTOR REFUSED TO BE THREATENED. ONCE, ANGERED, THE SEAMAN DREW A KNIFE ON HIM, BUT DR. LIVESEY STOOD HIS GROUND.



WHEN THE SEAMAN HAD QUIETED DOWN, DR. LIVESY WARNED HIM: "IF I HEAR ONE MORE WORD OF COMPLAINT AGAINST YOU I'LL THROW YOU OUT OF HERE!"



ONE DAY, SHORTLY AFTER, A MAN CAME TO THE INN WHOM I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE.



"COME HERE, SONNY," HE SAID. "I'M LOOKIN' FOR AN OLD SHIPMATE O' MINE."



"HE'S A GRUMPY OLD SEA DOG, GIVEN TO MUCH WINDY TALKIN'."



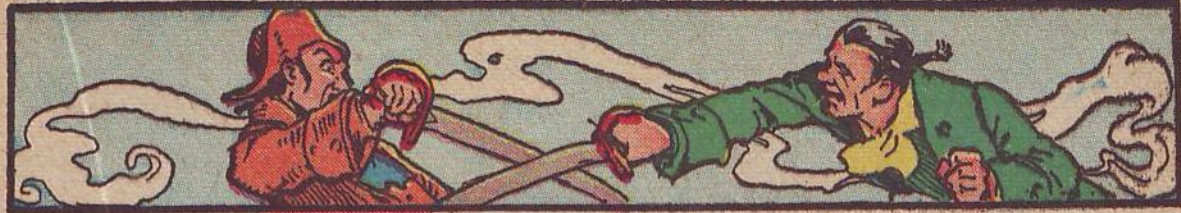
BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO ANSWER, THE DOOR OPENED AND IN CAME THE CAPTAIN.



"HALLO THERE, BILL," THE NEWCOMER SAID. THE CAPTAIN TURNED AND STARED. "BLACK DOG!" HE GASPED.



THEY SENT ME OUT FOR FOOD AND DRINK, AND WHEN I SERVED THEM THEY WERE ARGUING HEATEDLY.



SUDDENLY
THERE WAS A
TREMENDOUS EX-
PLOSION OF SHOUTING
AND NOISES. THE
CHAIR AND TABLE
CRASHED OVER AS
TWO MEN FOUGHT
IT OUT.



IT ENDED
WHEN BLACK DOG
RACED FROM THE INN,
THOROUGHLY
BEATEN.

WHEN I CAME OUT I SAW THE
CAPTAIN LEANING AGAINST
THE WALL. "ARE YOU HURT?"
I ASKED.
"QUICK!" HE SAID.
"RUM!"



I HURRIED TO OBEY. THEN I HEARD
A LOUD THUMP. RUNNING BACK
I SAW THE CAPTAIN LYING ON THE
FLOOR, BADLY HURT.
MY MOTHER HURRIED TO FETCH
DR. LIVESEY.



I GOT SOME
WATER AND
TRIED TO
PUT IT
DOWN HIS
THROAT.

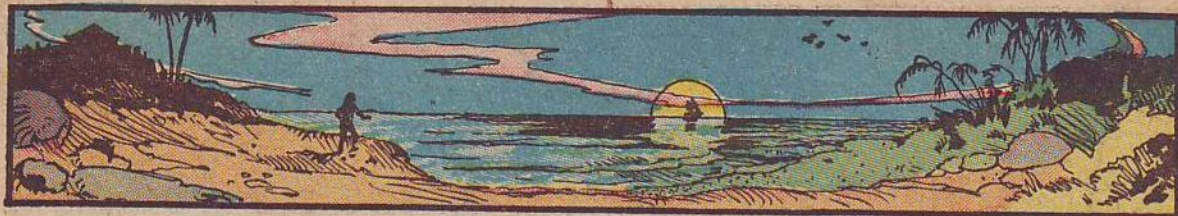


THEN DR. LIVESEY
CAME. "I MUST
DO MY BEST TO
SAVE THE
WORTHLESS
FELLOW'S LIFE"
HE THOUGHT.



BUT IT WAS SOME TIME
BEFORE THE CAPTAIN
OPENED HIS EYES. HIS FIRST
WORDS WERE -
"WHERE'S BLACK
DOG?"





HE WAS PUT TO BED,
AND DR. LIVESEY
ATTENDED HIM EVERY DAY.
I KNEW HE WAS GETTING
BETTER WHEN HE
STARTED BADGERING
ME AGAIN. "YOU'RE
SLOW AS MOLASSES,
MATEY," HE SAID
ONCE. "GET SOME
WIND IN YOUR
SAILS."



"DID THAT
DOCTOR SAY HOW
LONG I WAS TO
LIE HERE IN
THIS OLD
BERTH?"
HE ASKED.



YOU TELL HIM I'M
GETTING UP-TOMORROW



AFTER HE GOT WELL
OF DRAWING HIS
CUTLASS AND LAYING
IT BEFORE
HIM ON THE
TABLE.

HE HAD AN ALARMING WAY



ONE DAY I
SAW SOMEONE
DRAWING
SLOWLY NEAR
ALONG THE
ROAD.
HE SEEMED BLIND.

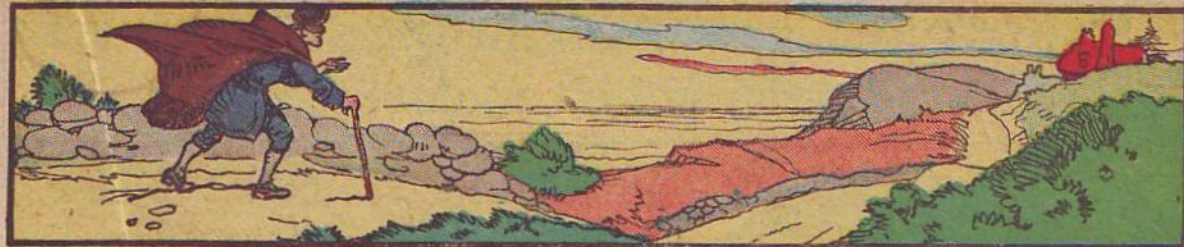


"WILL YOU GIVE ME YOUR
HAND, MY KIND YOUNG
FRIEND, AND LEAD ME
IN?" THE
STRANGER
ASKED.



WHEN I HELPED
HIM IN HE SUD-
DENLY GRABBED
ME AND SAID:
"NOW, BOY, TAKE
ME IN TO THE
CAPTAIN, OR
I'LL BREAK
YOUR
ARM!"





I LED THE BLIND MAN TO THE PARLOR, WHERE THE SICK OLD BUCCANEER WAS DEEP IN THOUGHT.



"HERE'S A FRIEND FOR YOU, BILL!" THE MAN MADE ME CALL.



THE CAPTAIN LEAPED TO HIS FEET, AN EXPRESSION OF MORTAL TERROR ON HIS FACE.



"BOY," SAID THE BLIND MAN, "TAKE THE CAPTAIN'S LEFT HAND AND BRING IT NEAR MY RIGHT." I DID, AND SAW SOMETHING PASS INTO THE CAPTAIN'S HAND.



THE CAPTAIN LOOKED SHARPLY AT HIS PALM, THEN SHOUTED: "TEN O'CLOCK! SIX HOURS! WE'LL DO THEM YET!"



SUDDENLY HE REELED, PUT HIS HAND TO HIS THROAT, THEN FELL FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR. THE BLIND MAN HAD FLED!

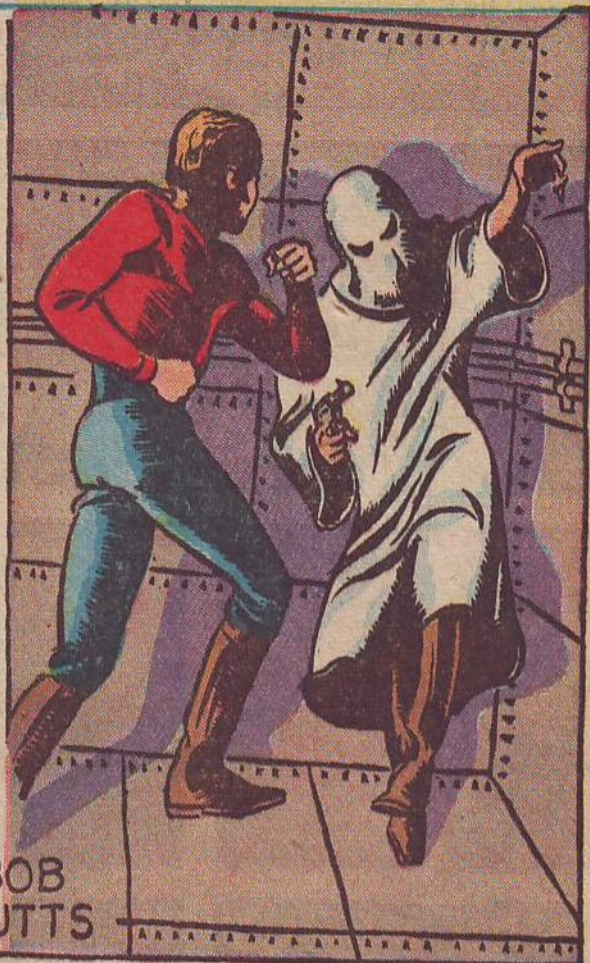
ANOTHER EPISODE OF "TREASURE ISLAND" APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS.

Steve's smashing right hurled the Ghost across the room and crashed him against the wall.

THE Ghost OF VENUS

SYNOPSIS: Steve Raymond and Nick Bowman, space detectives, are captured by the notorious Ghost of Venus, space pirate. They escape, free Dr. Kal-Ryn, inventor of the Red-ray, which the Ghost is using to his own advantage. But the Ghost recaptures them! Dr. Kal-Ryn, Steve and Nick are doomed to death in the Ghost's gas chamber. Steve is the last one of the trio to keep his senses. He attempts to pick the lock of the door of the gas chamber.

by
BOB BUTTS



CHAPTER IV

AIR! Air! Steve's lungs burning, tears streaming down his cheeks, his clawing fingers growing weaker . . . weaker. The last thing Steve Raymond remembered as he collapsed against the door was a tiny click. . . . When Steve came to and opened his eyes, amazement penetrated his aching head and quickly revived him. He lay in the doorway of the gas chamber, and the green gas of death was quickly dispersing!

"Oh, my head! I must have jammed that pick into the lock just right as I fell against it, and sprung the door open. And

when that door opens, the gas stops and suction pipes draw it out . . . What a break!" Steve sat up. "Nick and Dr. Kal-Ryn! There they are. The gas is gone." Steve dragged Nick and Dr. Kal-Ryn into the corridor. "Ah—Nick's stirring, and Dr. Kal-Ryn, too!"

"Steve . . ." Nick sat up groggily. "Whew, my head! Great Jupiter, what happened?" Steve explained.

"It was a narrow escape, said Dr. Kal-Ryn weakly. "What now?"

"We've got to move fast, Dr. Kal-Ryn! We might be discovered any minute! Jaru, the Ghost, is probably in the control tower. Do you know how to get there?"

"Yes. It's a big chance—we might be discovered before we make it. But come on!"

Twice the trio narrowly escaped detection, but at last they were climbing the stairs to the control tower. Two rooms away was the Ghost, if their calculations were correct.

"So far so good, Steve," breathed Nick. "What now? Jaru may have televisions in there! He'll see us if we enter his anterooms!"

"You're right, Nick. We'll . . ."

The sudden clatter of ascending footsteps!

"Steve!" whispered Dr. Kal-Ryn. "It must be a guard! What'll we do?"

"Hide! We'll get him!"

THEY stationed themselves on either side of the stairway. Dirk, obviously in a hurry, entered. Cat-like, Steve glided after him. Just before Dirk's skinny hand grasped the knob, Steve's iron fingers found his throat, shutting off any cry he might have made. The sudden fear in Dirk's eyes told Steve he would talk. Nick grabbed his ray-gun.

"All right, you little rat!" ground Steve. "Tell us—What's Jaru doing? He's in there, isn't he?"

"Yes—yes! He's capturing another ship!" gasped Dirk, his face purple. "D-don't shoot! I won't yell—"

"I know you won't!" said Steve grimly. "Nick, give me your gun. You and Dr. Kal-Ryn tie this rat up. I'm——"

"HEY!"

Wulf Rondo's sudden roar jerked the trio about! Beside him crouched Piper. So engrossed had they become they'd failed to hear the approach of the two. "Get 'em, Piper!" roared Wulf. They lunged forward!

Steve side-stepped a second before Piper fired. He hit Piper once; he sagged. Like a sack of meal Steve picked Piper up, hurled him full into the face of Wulf Rondo.

"Okay, Nick! Take care of Rondo! I'm going after the Ghost!"

Madly Steve burst through the two rooms. Jaru the Ghost was warned! But he had to take the chance. . . .

Steve was right! As he burst into the control room, Jaru whirled from his Red-ray machine. In a split second Steve looked into the televisior—saw the ship the Ghost had been drawing to its doom. When the Red-ray machine swung wild as Jaru whirled, the ship righted itself. It was—But now Jaru was whipping up a ray-gun, his eyes blazing in his white hood.

Steve threw himself to the

floor. Jaru fired, missed! Steve catapulted forward. Another blast from Jaru tore his gun from his hand. Jaru, snarling, shrunk back from this man who couldn't be stopped, but now Steve was upon him, and his smashing right hurled Jaru across the room and crashed him against a wall. But still Jaru held his gun, and now he had the drop on Steve!

"Now—I'm leaving! Follow me and I'll blast you to bits!" He laughed, evilly, vanished through a door. The lock clicked.

Nick and Dr. Kal-Ryn burst into the room.

"Steve!" yelled Nick. "We fixed Rondo! Hey—the Ghost! He got away!"

"The rat got the drop on me! But come on! Jaru's heading for a ship! Must be a field nearby!"

"We'll get him, Steve!" said Dr. Kal-Ryn grimly. They raced down stairs, through corridors and up stairs again to the Ghost's throne room, beyond which was the corridor exit into the outer world.

"The Ghost liked his settings screwy, didn't he?" panted Steve.

"Yeah, only the Ghost is gone!" moaned Nick, disappointed. "I know you couldn't help it, Steve, but——"

It was then that Inspector Scott burst into the room from the corridor leading to the marsh jungle! With him were two men.

"Hello, Inspector!" grinned Steve. "Nice of you to drop in!"

"Great Jupiter, Inspector!" Nick was thunderstruck. "How the devil did you get here. The Ghost just got away! If we

STEVE was grinning from ear to ear.

"Hey, fella," grunted Nick, "what's the matter with you?"

"All right, Inspector," said Steve. "Bring him in!"

Scott, grinning too, turned and signalled. A scuffle, the

sound of feet. Two more of Scott's men entered, and, struggling between them, was Nakek Jaru, the Ghost of Venus!

"Great Jupiter, Steve!" exploded Nick. Dr. Kal-Ryn stared, speechless. Then they both whirled on Steve Raymond.

"You knew! How?"

"Steve, how did——"

"Hey, wait, you two!" Steve looked at Jaru, unmasked now, sallow-faced and evil and sullen. "Jaru brought his capture on himself! Thru his televisior I saw that Jaru was bringing down Scott's ship! Well, I let Jaru think he'd gotten the drop on me. He escaped. When Scott's ship was freed of the Red-ray, he could control it without any trouble and——"

"And we spotted Jaru's secret hangar when the camouflaged doors opened," finished Inspector Scott. "We landed, ran into Jaru and captured him, just as Steve planned!"

"Steve, you had me worried!" grinned Nick. "Inspector, it's good you decided to help us out on this job. Well, Doc, we've got this rat and exposed his little game!" Nick rubbed his hands. "All in a day's work, eh, Steve?"

"Thank you, Steve, and you, Nick," said Dr. Kal-Ryn simply. Jaru snarled, spat at them.

"You know," said Scott, "if Jaru hadn't been so greedy to get every ship that came this way, he might have escaped. I didn't spot his hideout from the air—I'd have passed right over it! But his Red-ray drew me to it—and to his capture!"

"And now, Doctor," said Steve to the scientist, "your Red-ray will be used for the good of humanity—not for its destruction!"



THE END.

Trap
for a
TRAITOR!

LUCKY BYRD of G2

Flier

IF WE KNEW **WHO** THE NATIONAL LEADER OF THE SCARLET SQUADRONS WAS, WE'D **WIPE THEM OUT!**

WELL, COLONEL, LUCKY BYRD **SHOULD** HAVE SOME **IDEA FOR TRAPPING HIM!**

LUCKY BYRD, GRADUATE OF RANDOLPH FIELD, AND 2ND LIEUTENANT IN THE ARMY AIR CORPS, IS NOW ATTACHED TO G2, ARMY'S INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.

HOWEVER, AS FAR AS THE WORLD KNOWS, HE IS A TRAITOR DISCHARGED IN DISGRACE FROM THE ARMY. **T**HUS, HE WAS ABLE TO JOIN THE SCARLET SQUADRON, AN ANTI-AMERICAN FLYING ORGANIZATION MADE UP OF RENEGADE PILOTS, FROM THE INSIDE HE HAS BEEN ABLE TO THWART MANY PLOTS, AND THUS PROTECT NATIONAL DEFENSE!

IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SCARLET SQUADRON,

AT LAST THESE AMERICANS ARE GETTING **SMART!** NO MORE THE WRATH OF OUR HOMELAND DO THEY FEAR! FROM EVERY SIDE THEY CLOSE IN ON US! IT'S THIS NATIONAL

I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

BUT, UNTIL THEY CAN **TAKE** OUR NATIONAL LEADER, THEY WILL NOT **STRIKE!**

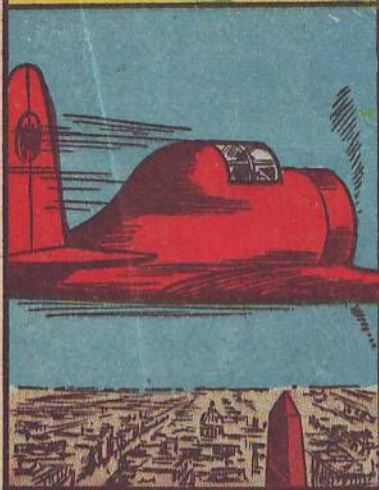
I HAVE A PLAN!

WHAT IS IT, BYRD?

IF, BY SOME **RUSE**, I COULD **LURE** THE **COMMANDING GENERAL** OF THEIR **AIR CORPS** TO A PLACE WHERE WE COULD CAPTURE HIM, AND HOLD HIM **HOSTAGE**, WE WOULD HOLD THE **WHIP HAND!**

IT IS WORTH A **TRIAL!**

NEXT MORNING, LUCKY'S PLANE
ROARS OVER WASHINGTON.



SO, COLONEL OLIVE, THE SCARLET
SQUADRON FIGURES THAT AS LONG
AS YOU **HAVEN'T** GOT THEIR **NAT-
IONAL COMMANDER**, THEY'RE SAFE,
BUT **I KNOW HOW TO CAPTURE
HIM!**

I TOLD THE GENERAL
YOU'D COME THROUGH
WITH AN **IDEA**, BYRD!

LATER, OFFICE OF THE
CHIEF OF MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE.



I'VE SUGGESTED TO THE SQUADRON
THAT THEY LURE THE CHIEF OF
OUR AIR CORPS INTO A TRAP,
AND HOLD HIM AS HOSTAGE
NOW SUPPOSE **I** MAKE UP AND
IMPERSONATE THE GENERAL!
I'LL **INSIST** THAT I'LL NOT TALK
TERMS WITH ANY **SUBORDINATE**,
BUT MUST TALK TO THE **NATIONAL
LEADER!**



SO FAR, SO GOOD, BYRD!
WHERE DOES THAT GET US?

THEN **YOU** RAID
THE PLACE WITH
PARACHUTE TROOPS,
AND ROUND UP THE
WHOLE GANG!



BUT **WHEN?** A **PREMATURE**
RAID WOULD RUIN
EVERYTHING!

I'LL SIGNAL
YOU, **COLONEL!**

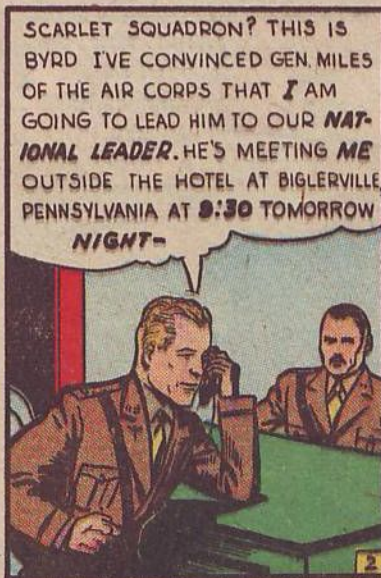


HOW, BYRD?

I'LL HAVE ONE OF
THOSE NEW **POCKET
SIZE RADIO TRANS-
MITTERS** AND A
MAN WITH A BIGGER
SET NEAR TO RELAY
MY SIGNAL TO YOU!



SCARLET SQUADRON? THIS IS
BYRD. I'VE CONVINCED GEN. MILES
OF THE AIR CORPS THAT **I** AM
GOING TO LEAD HIM TO OUR **NAT-
IONAL LEADER**. HE'S MEETING ME
OUTSIDE THE HOTEL AT BIGLERVILLE,
PENNSYLVANIA AT **9:30 TOMORROW
NIGHT-**



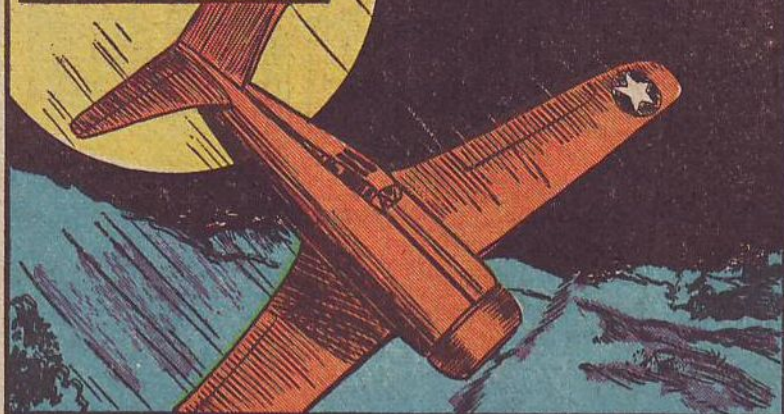
GOOD-GOOD! THAT IS NEAR
OUR **SECRET MOUNTAIN CABIN**
-I UNDERSTAND! **WE** MEET HIM
INSTEAD! THEN THESE YANKEES
SEE WHO IS **SMARTEST, NO?**



SO, THE NEXT NIGHT LUCKY
TAKES OFF FOR BIGLERVILLE,
30 MILES AWAY IN THE
TUSCARORA MOUNTAINS.



- AND 30 MINUTES LATER
HIS SHIP SLIDES IN FOR A
LANDING IN A ROLLING
ISOLATED PASTURE.



LUCKY, MADE UP TO LOOK LIKE
GEN. MILES, GIVES LAST MINUTE
ORDERS TO HIS RADIO MAN.

LIEUTENANT KANE, THE CABIN IS A
MILE AND A QUARTER UP THAT
PATH. **HIDE**, WITH YOUR **RADIO**
IN **SIGHT OF THE SHACK** AND
WAIT!

GOT IT,
BYRD!



--- BYRD AND KANE SEPARATE.
BYRD HEADING FOR BIGLERVILLE,
AND KANE FOR THE CABIN!

HOPE THIS GEN. MILES IMPERSON-
ATION FOOLS THE SCARLET SQUAD-
RON. IF IT DOESN'T, THERE'LL BE A
LOT OF FLOWERS I WON'T SMELL!



LATER, FROM A PARKED CAR
BESIDE THE BIGLERVILLE
HOTEL....

GENERAL **MILES**? BYRD ASKED
US TO MEET YOU. GET
IN THE CAR!

HIGHLY IRREGULAR
BUT - **ALL**
RIGHT!



JUST **RELAX**, GENERAL
MILES!

WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF THIS?

THAT YOU, MY
STUPID
GENERAL, HAVE
WALKED INTO
A **TRAP!**



AND 20 MINUTES LATER,
THE CAR STOPS BESIDE
THE CABIN.

IN THE SHACK,
GENERAL!

AN OUTRAGE!



INSIDE THE CABIN—

WE ARE HOLDING **YOU** AS A **HOSTAGE** TO PREVENT YOUR GOVERNMENT FROM INTERFERING WITH OUR SCARLET SQUADRONS!

SO **THAT'S** IT! I THINK I CAN GUARANTEE **THAT** BUT—

-I DEAL WITH NO UNDERLINGS
-I MUST TALK WITH YOUR NATIONAL COMMANDER!

SPOKEN LIKE AN **OFFICER** OF OUR **HOMELAND!**

CARL, GO TO GETTYSBURG AND PICK UP THE NATIONAL LEADER!

SEARCH THE GENERAL FOR FIREARMS! IF THE GREAT NATIONAL LEADER COMES—

I **PROTEST**—

LOOK! A BOMB!
IN YOUR POCKET!

BOMB **NOTHING** IT'S AN **EXPERIMENTAL RADIO SET!** *GIVE IT BACK!

THIS GUNS UP MY SCHEME!

* THE SET LUCKY PLANNED TO USE TO CALL THE RAID!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE NATIONAL LEADER ARRIVES.

HAIL THE GREAT LEADER!

AH, GENERAL MILES, I **BELIEVE!**

HAIL!

BY GOSH! I SEE A WAY OUT— IF—

WHILE LUCKY WRANGLES WITH THE NATIONAL LEADER, STALLING FOR TIME, HE USES HIS GLASSES TO FLASH A HELIOGRAPH MESSAGE.

BUT **GENERAL**, WE HAVE ONLY YOUR **WORD!**

THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH!

I HOPE KANE SEES **THIS!**

THOSE FLASHES! SOMEBODY'S SIGNALING! IT'S LUCKY!

L-E-A-D-E-R—H-E-R-E
O-R-D-E-R—R-A-I-D—

AND KANE, WAITING WITH HIS RADIO—

MEANWHILE, A SCARLET SQUADRON SHIP HAPPENS TO PASS OVER THE CABIN.



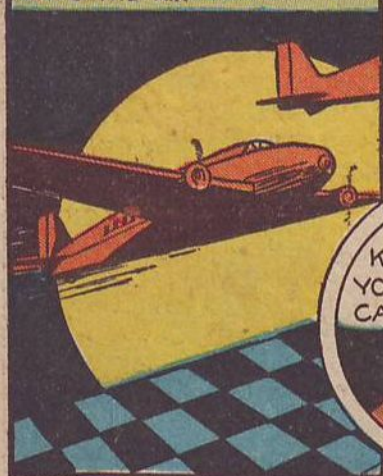
OUR CABIN-A BLINKER MESSAGE - "LEADER HERE, ORDER RAID AT ONCE!" I MUST LOOK INTO THIS. I'LL SET DOWN.

AND, BACK TO LIEUT. KANE-

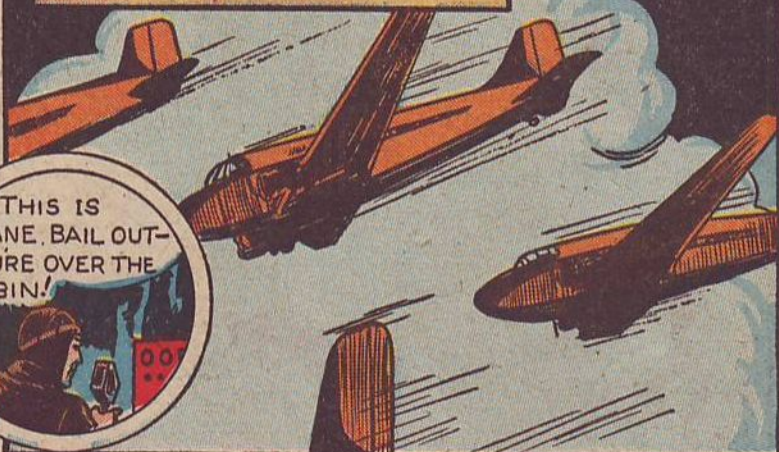
CALLING AIR CORPS -
CALLING AIR CORPS - RAID
CABIN 2 MILES SOUTH
EAST OF BIGLERVILLE,-
NATIONAL LEADER THERE.
I WILL DIRECT YOU!



SO, WAITING PILOTS LIFT
WAITING TRANSPORT PLANES
INTO THE AIR -



25 MINUTES LATER, MOTORS SHUT OFF,
THE PLANES GLIDE SILENTLY OVER
THE SCARLET SQUADRON CABIN



THIS IS
KANE, BAIL OUT-
YOU'RE OVER THE
CABIN!

HAIL! YOU ARE **BETRAYED**,
MY LEADER -

WHAT?

HOW?



-THE **GENERAL** SIGNED
FOR A RAID!

THIS IS
BAD!



QUICK! AWAY FROM HERE!
BUT **FIRST**, WE SHOOT
THIS **PIG-GENERAL!**



MEANWHILE, THE NIGHT SKY IS FILLED WITH OPENING PARACHUTES.

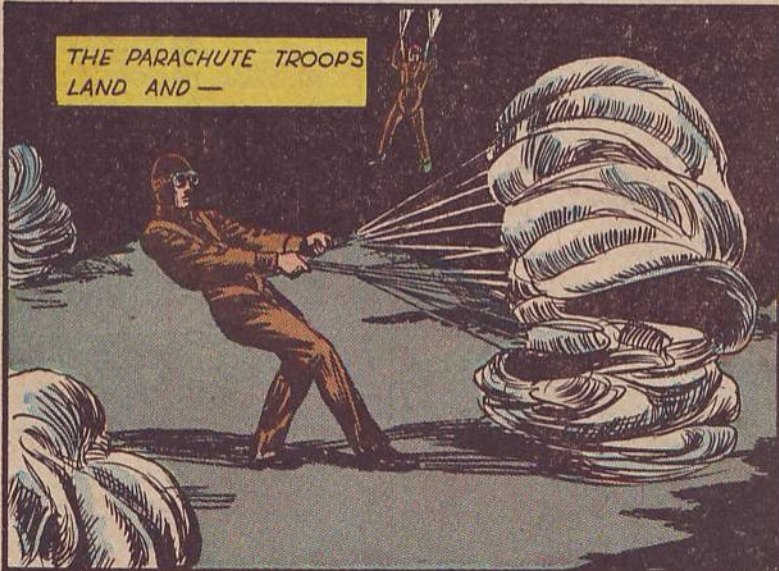


SHOOT HIM NOW!

WAIT! TAKE HIM WITH US! A LITTLE **TORTURE**, AND WE MAY **LEARN MUCH!**



THE PARACHUTE TROOPS LAND AND —



—LED BY THE REAL GEN. MILES, CHARGE UPON THE CABIN.



DROP THOSE GUNS!

LOOK! ANOTHER GENERAL MILES!

TRAPPED!



THAT ONE IS THE NATIONAL LEADER!

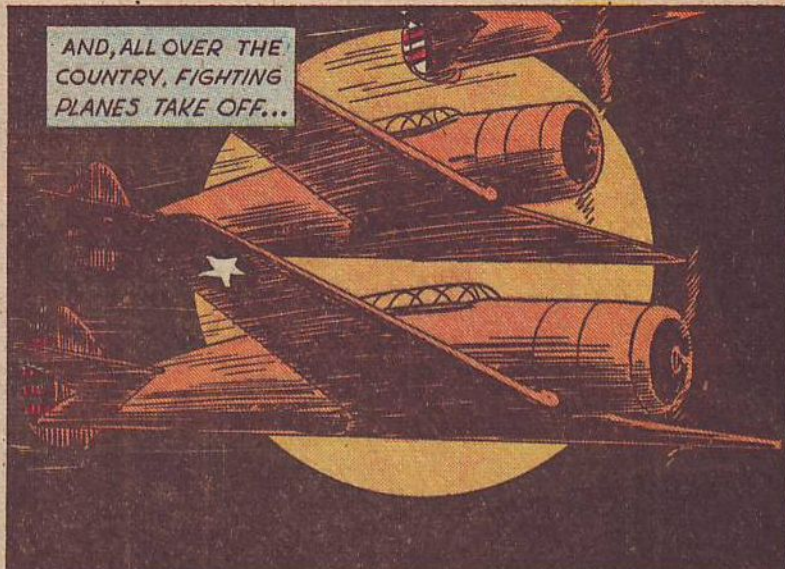
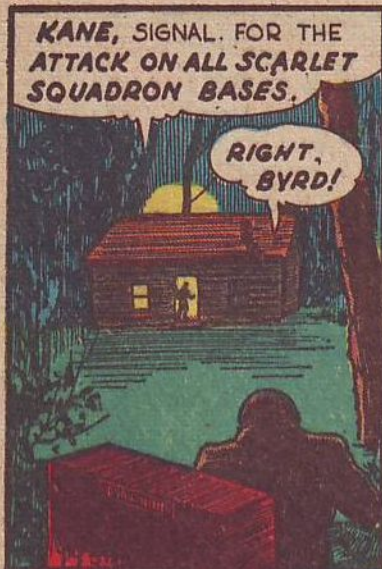
WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!



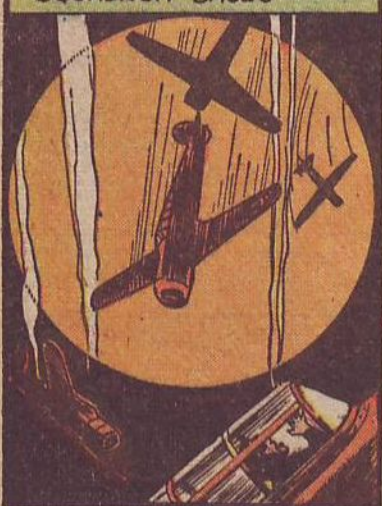
KANE, SIGNAL. FOR THE
ATTACK ON ALL SCARLET
SQUADRON BASES.

RIGHT,
BYRD!

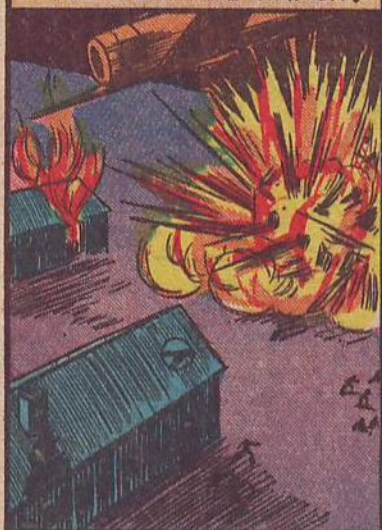
AND, ALL OVER THE
COUNTRY, FIGHTING
PLANES TAKE OFF...



— WIPING OUT SCARLET
SQUADRON BASES —



ALL OVER THE NATION!



NEXT DAY IN WASHINGTON—

LIEUT. BYRD, THE COUNTRY
OWES YOU A **REAL DEBT
OF GRATITUDE**, YOUR
EFFORTS WIPED OUT THE
SCARLET SQUADRON!

AND THE
NEWSPAPERS
HAVE THE
TRUE
STORY!



IN NEWSPAPER OFFICES,
ALL OVER THE COUNTRY—

SO! BYRD'S **DISGRACE** WAS A
TRAP, EH? I NEVER **COULD**
FIGURE HIM FOR A **TRAITOR**.

NOR. ME!



BOY, IT TOOK **NERVE** TO DO
WHAT BYRD DID!



NOW, HOW ABOUT A
FURLOUGH, BYRD?

FINE, SIR, IF
I CAN USE IT
TO **HELP ALONG**
NATIONAL DEFENSE.
IN OTHER WORDS,
I'D **RATHER STAY**
ON DUTY!



ANOTHER LUCKY BYRD
ADVENTURE IN NEXT
MONTH'S TARGET COMICS.

BULL'S-EYE BILL



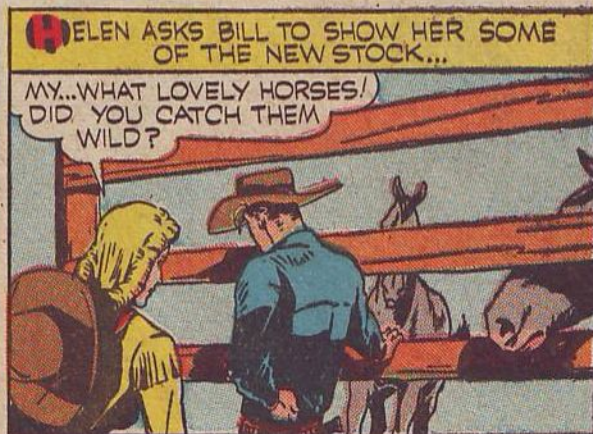
BILL AND IKE ROBBINS ARE RETURNING FROM THE CAVALRY POST...WHERE THEY HAVE DELIVERED SOME HORSES BILL HAS TRAINED FOR UNCLE SAM--GUESTS ARRIVING FROM HOLLYWOOD, READY FOR THE RODEO WHICH BILL IS MANAGING...INCLUDE HELEN TROY CURRENT H-M-M-M GIRL OF THE FILMS...WHO IS ALSO TEX O'CONNORS' FIANCEE...AND J. WALTER SIMPSON, OF UNITED!



BILL, THIS IS ONE OF OUR NEW GUESTS FROM HOLLYWOOD--**HELEN TROY**...OF SUMPTUOUS PICTURES!

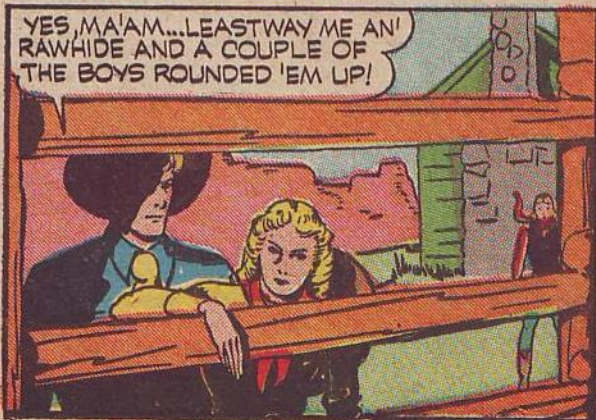
PLEASD TO MEETCHA, MA'AM!

OH-H, IT'S A PLEASURE! I WONDER WHY TEX NEVER TOLD ME?



HELEN ASKS BILL TO SHOW HER SOME OF THE NEW STOCK...

MY...WHAT LOVELY HORSES! DID YOU CATCH THEM WILD?



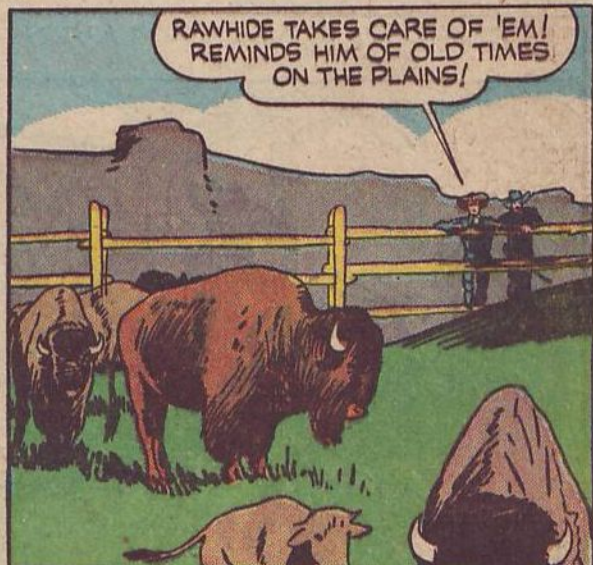
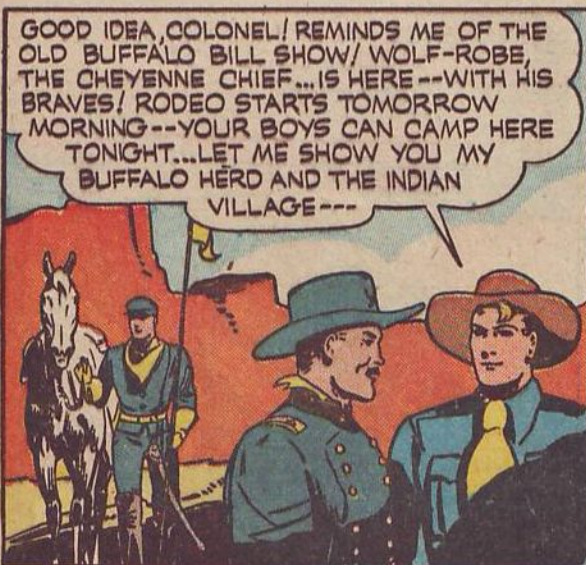
YES, MA'AM...LEASTWAY ME AN' RAWHIDE AND A COUPLE OF THE BOYS ROUNDED 'EM UP!



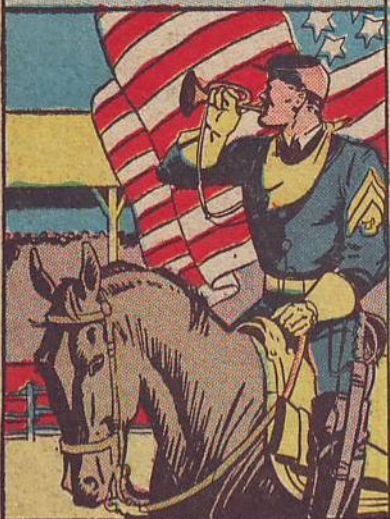
THE BIG ONE IS "BLITZKRIEG"... I WAS JUST WONDERING, BILL, AND HE SHORE IS SOME OUTLAW! AIN'T YUH LISTENIN', MISS HELEN?

HMMM!

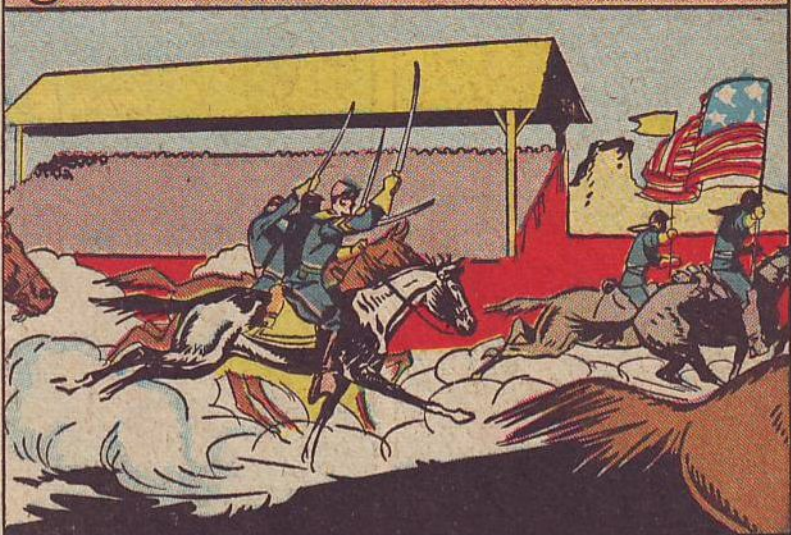




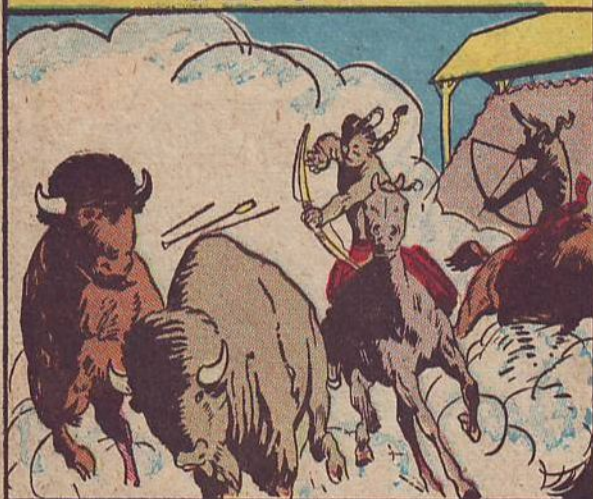
BILL'S RODEO GETS UNDER WAY!



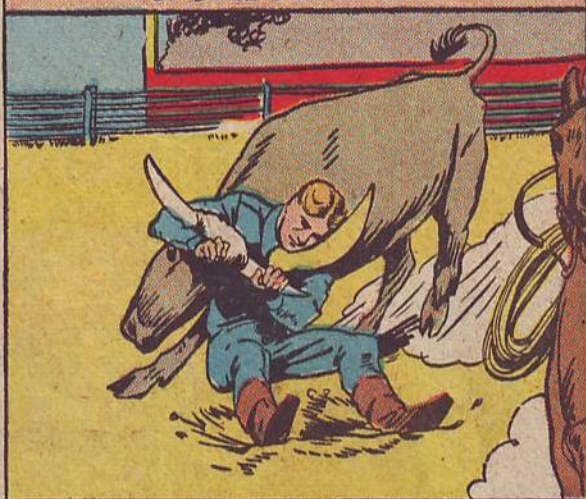
COLONEL SULLIVAN'S TROOPERS DO A SHAM CHARGE...



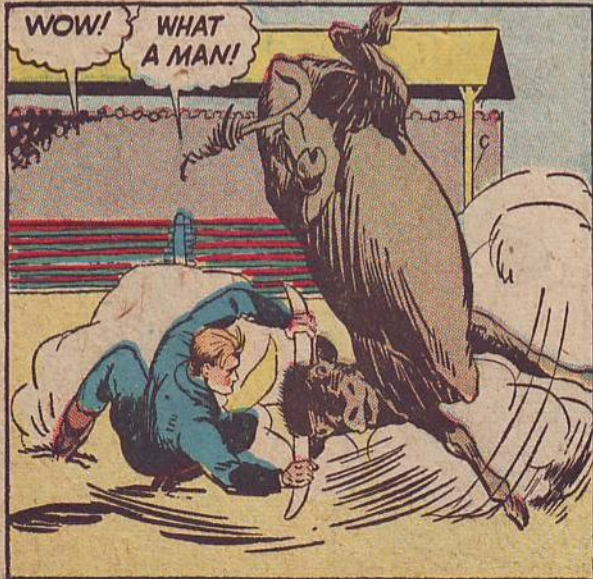
WOLF-ROBE'S BRAVES STAGE A VERY REALISTIC HUNT!



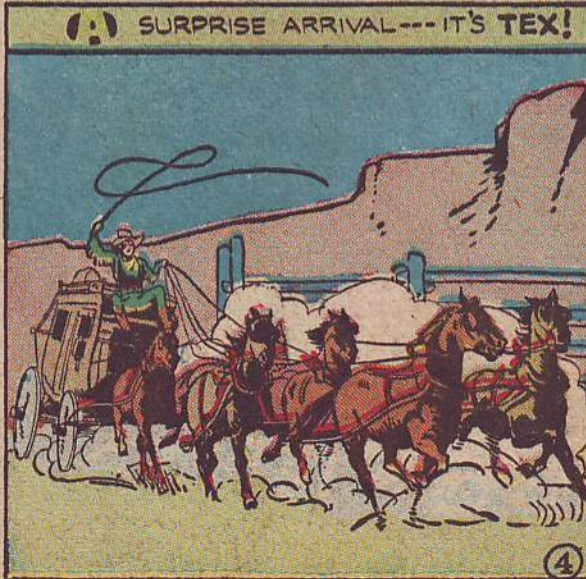
BILL GIVES AN EXPERT EXHIBITION OF BULL-DOGGING!



WOW!
WHAT A MAN!



(A) SURPRISE ARRIVAL---IT'S TEX!



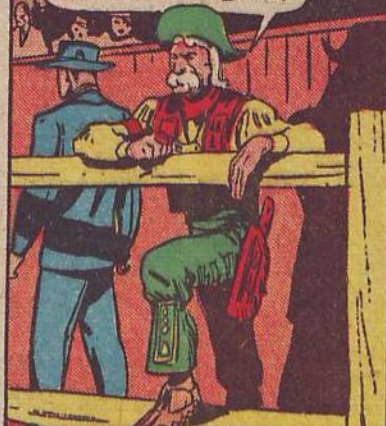
A SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT!

—AND SO, I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO ANNOUNCE THAT I...PERSONALLY...WILL RIDE THE GREAT OUTLAW HORSE, **BLITZKRIEG!**



RAWHIDE IKE HAS OTHER "IDEES"...

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT COYOTE... RECKON I BETTER TRAIL 'IM!



TEX EXPLAINS ---

I HAVE TO BEAT BILL AT HIS OWN GAME TO GET EVEN... BUT DON'T WORRY, J.W.--NO HORSE CAN THROW ME IF I WEAR THESE CHAPS! LOOK CLOSE AT THEM!



WITH VACUUM CUPS SPECIALLY INSTALLED!



OUTSIDE THE DOOR...IKE HEARS ALL!

SO THAT'S THE WAY THE STICK FLOATS, HEY? WELL, MR. FANCY PANTS... I'LL TAKE KEER OF YUH!



LOOK HERE, DEE! YOU SENT FOR THAT GUY--BUT THIS IS MY SHOW, AND I SAY HE DON'T RIDE!

DON'T BE SILLY BILL! I'VE GOT AN IDEA EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!



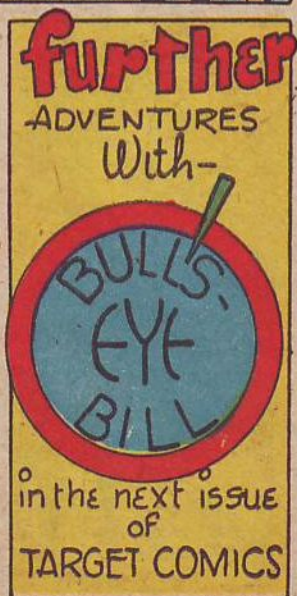
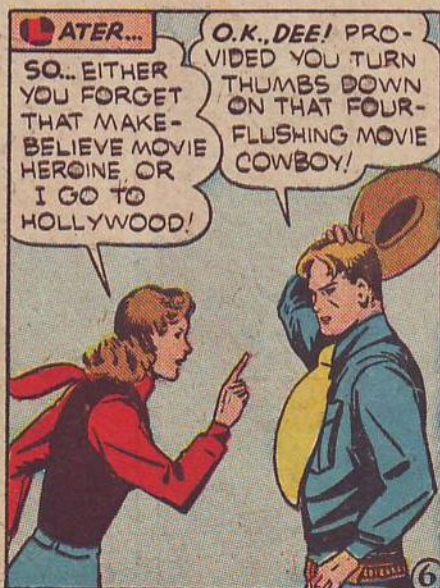
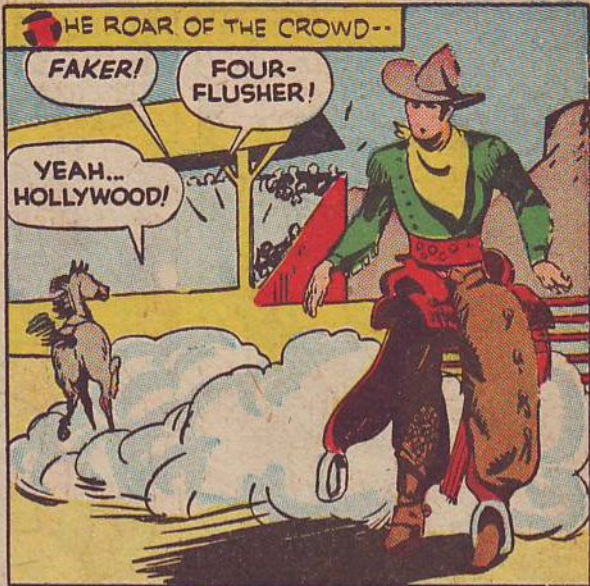
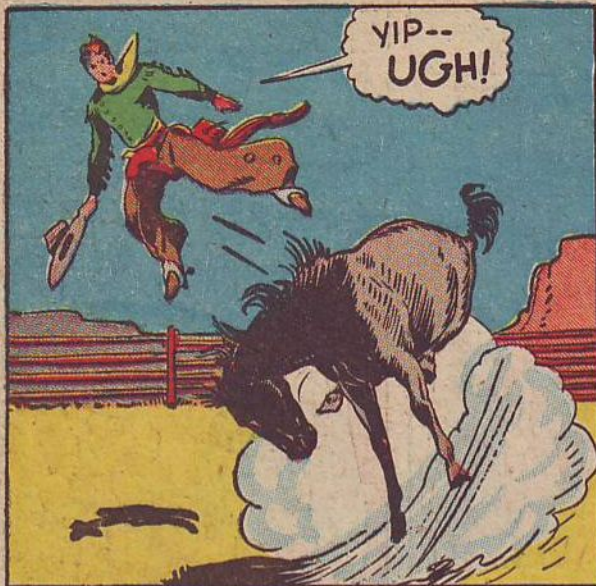
O.K., POWDER RIVER... LET 'ER RIP!



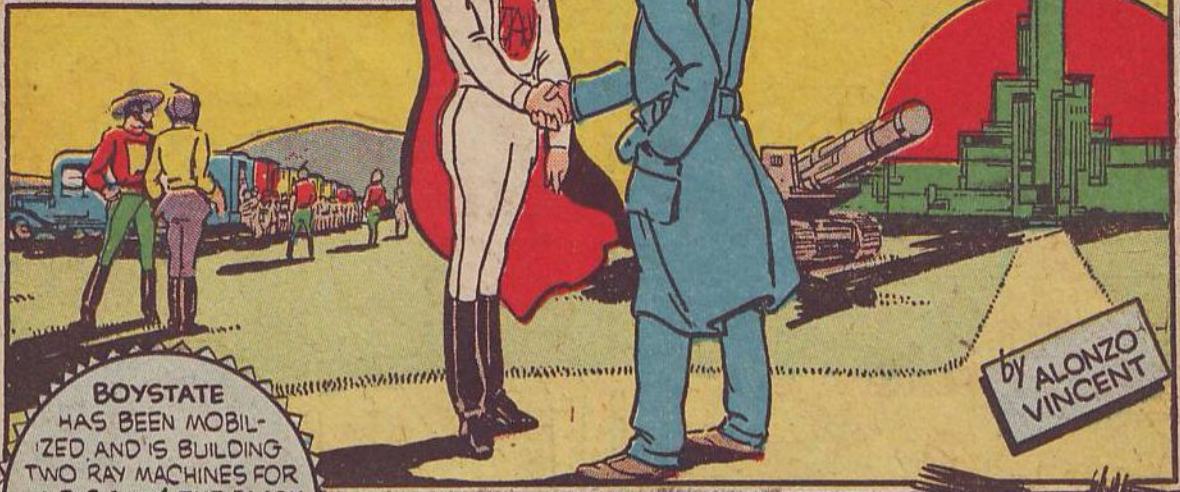
RAWHIDE IKE CUTS THE GIRTH NEARLY THROUGH!

YIP-EE!





**RANGE RIDERS
TODAY'S FRONTIER**



by ALONZO VINCENT

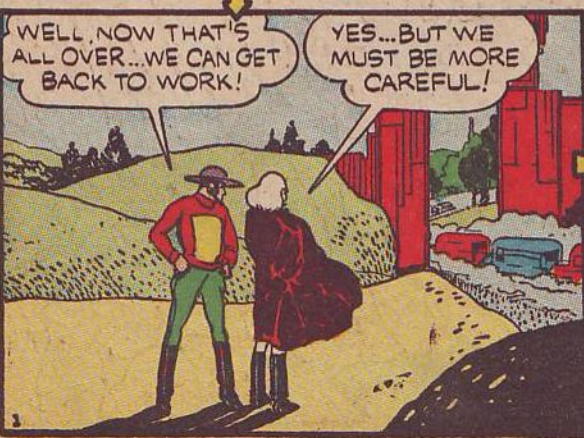
BOYSTATE
HAS BEEN MOBIL-
IZED, AND IS BUILDING
TWO RAY MACHINES FOR
UNCLE SAM! **THE BLACK**
ALLIANCE A SPY RING
TRIED TO STEAL THE
PLANS FOR THE RAYS
AND HAVE BEEN
CAPTURED!

CALLING Z-R



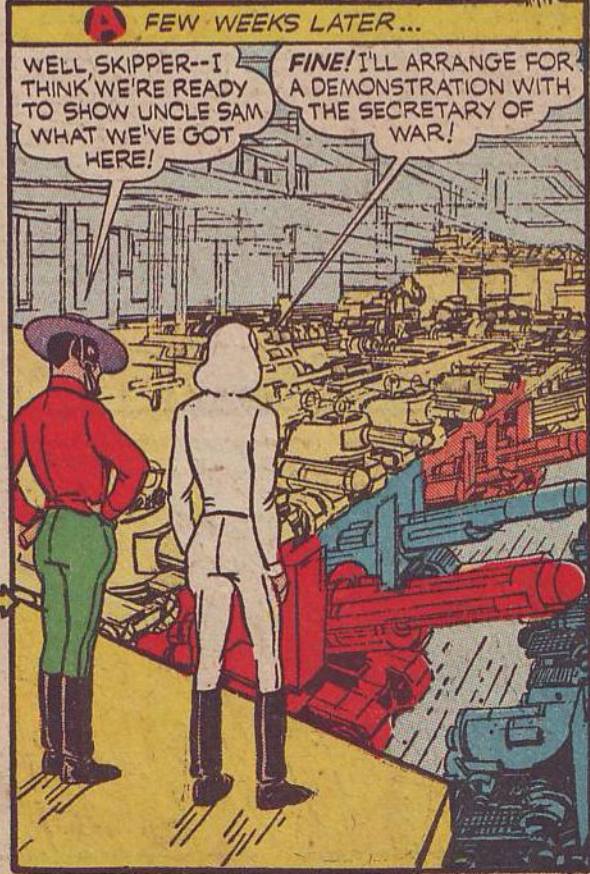
THEY'RE YOUR HEADACHE
NOW, MR. HUGHES... I
GUESS THE F.B.I. CAN
TAKE OVER FROM
HERE!

THANK YOU, SKIPPER!
YOU'VE NIPPED A
DANGEROUS FIFTH
COLUMN PLOT IN
THE BUD!



WELL, NOW THAT'S
ALL OVER...WE CAN GET
BACK TO WORK!

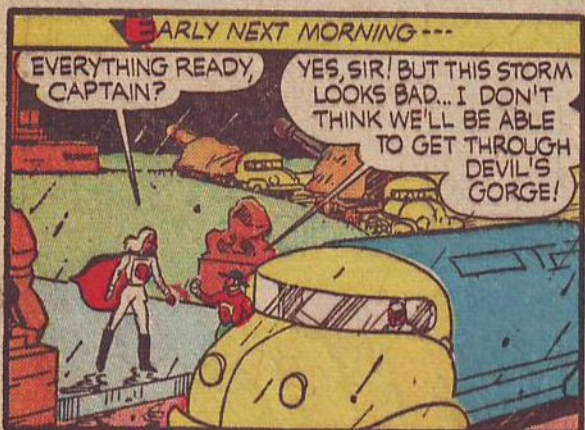
YES...BUT WE
MUST BE MORE
CAREFUL!

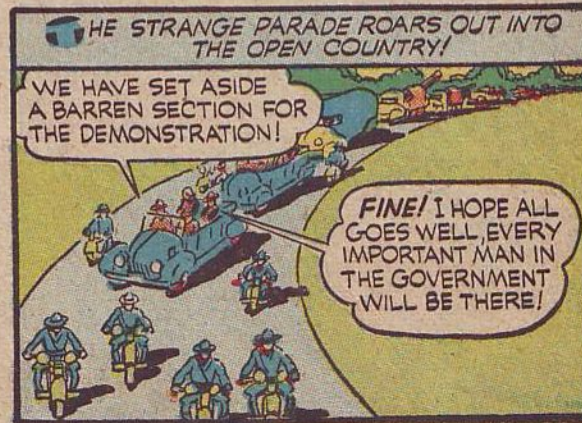
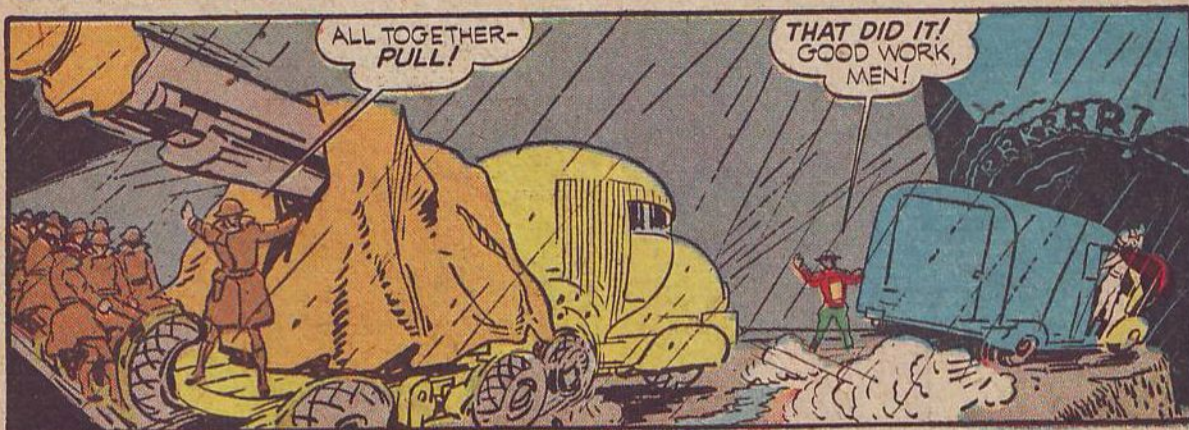
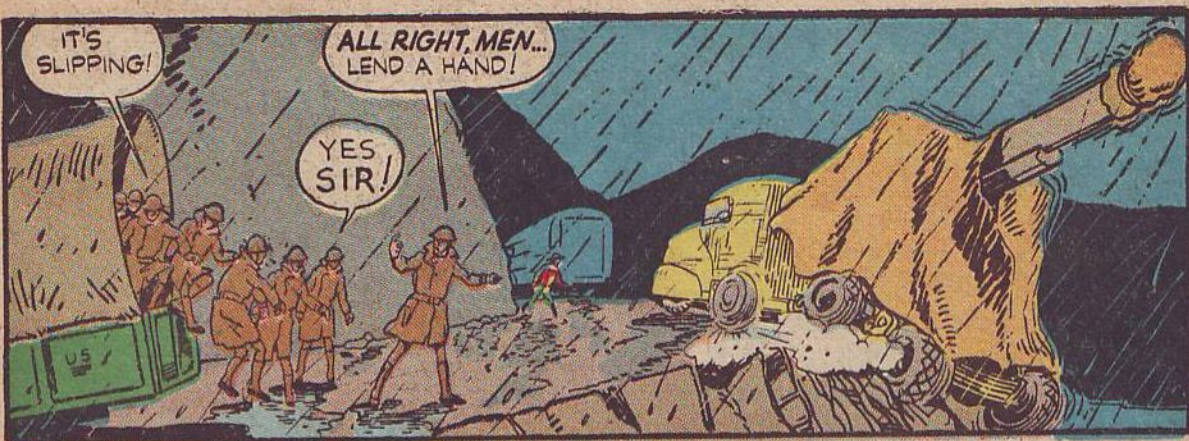


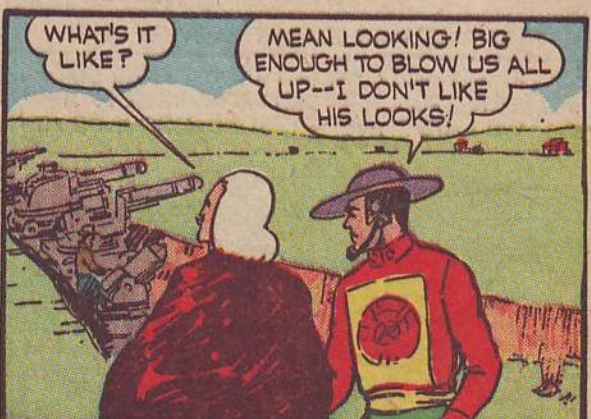
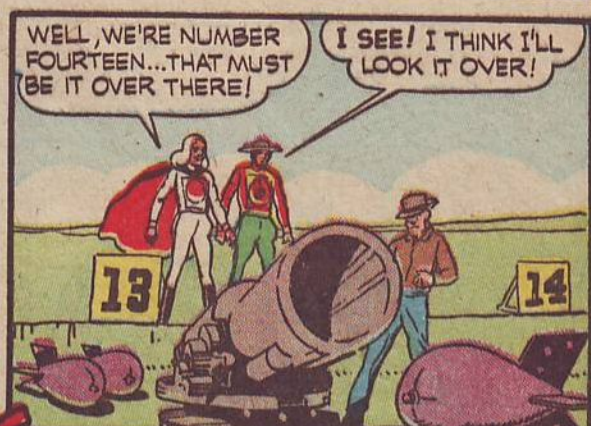
A FEW WEEKS LATER...

WELL, SKIPPER--I
THINK WE'RE READY
TO SHOW UNCLE SAM
WHAT WE'VE GOT
HERE!

FINE! I'LL ARRANGE FOR
A DEMONSTRATION WITH
THE SECRETARY OF
WAR!





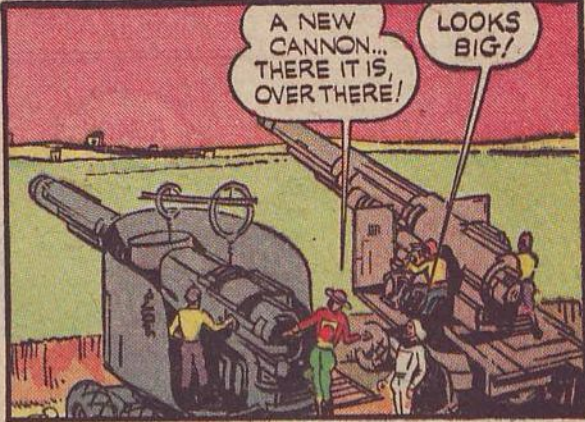


WILL NUMBER ONE PLEASE
BEGIN THE DEMONSTRATIONS?
THE OTHERS WILL FOLLOW
IN ORDER!



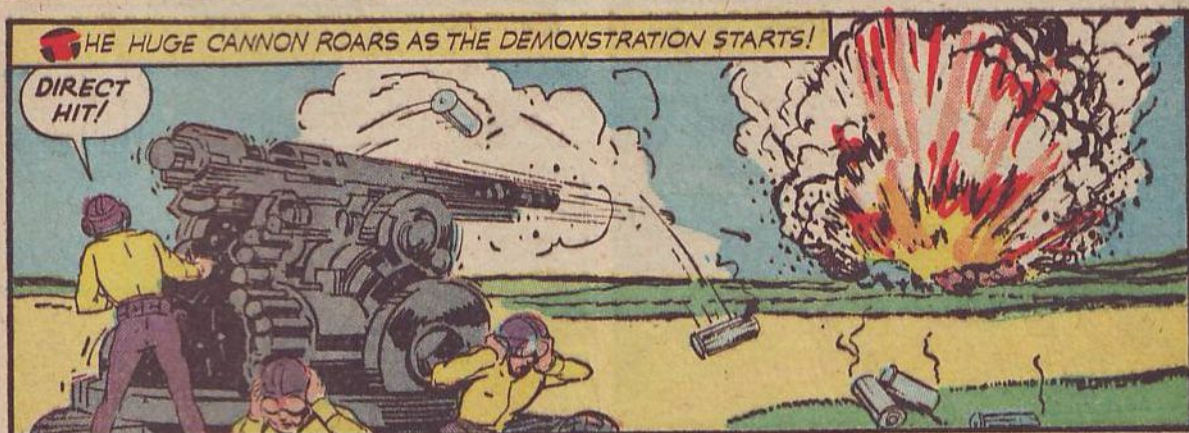
A NEW
CANNON...
THERE IT IS,
OVER THERE!

LOOKS
BIG!

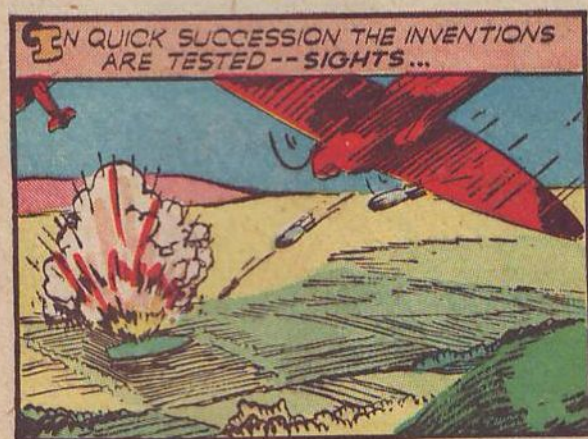


THE HUGE CANNON ROARS AS THE DEMONSTRATION STARTS!

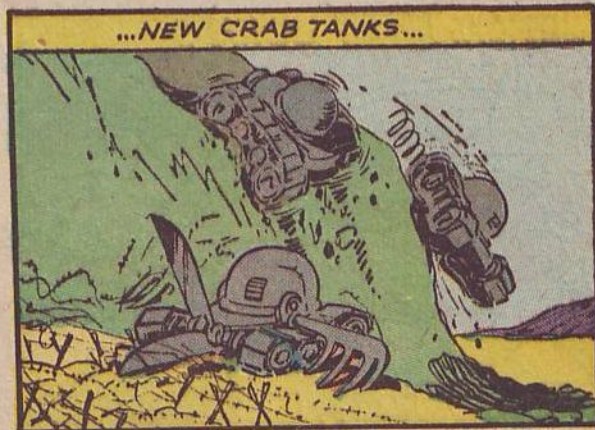
DIRECT
HIT!



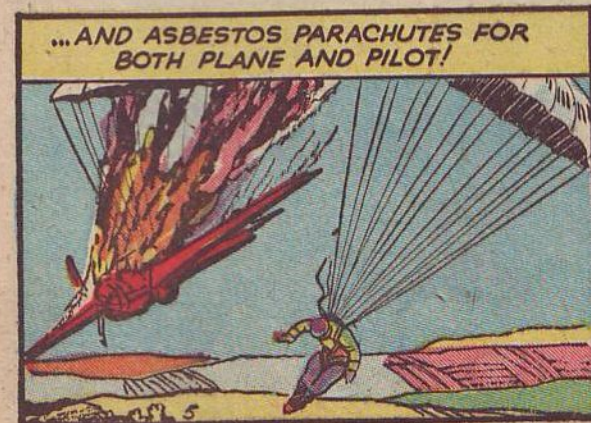
IN QUICK SUCCESSION THE INVENTIONS
ARE TESTED--SIGHTS...



...NEW CRAB TANKS...

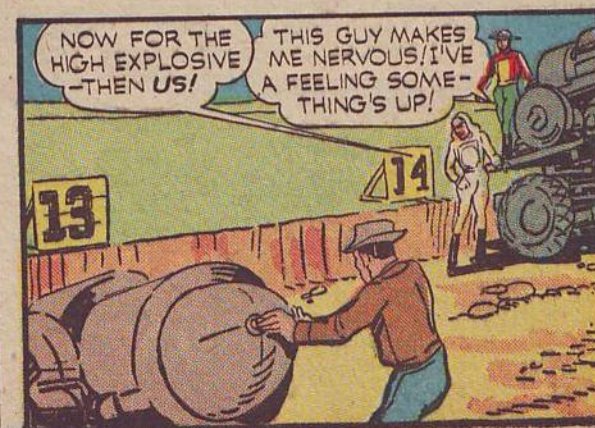


...AND ASBESTOS PARACHUTES FOR
BOTH PLANE AND PILOT!

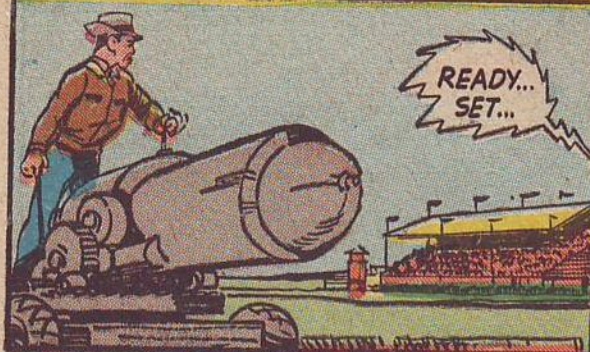


NOW FOR THE
HIGH EXPLOSIVE
--THEN US!

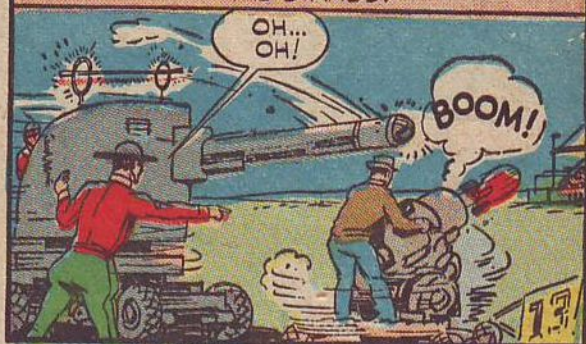
THIS GUY MAKES
ME NERVOUS! I'VE
A FEELING SOME-
THING'S UP!



THE SIGNALS ARE GIVEN--THE TECHNICIAN
NERVOUSLY FINGERS THE TRIGGER---



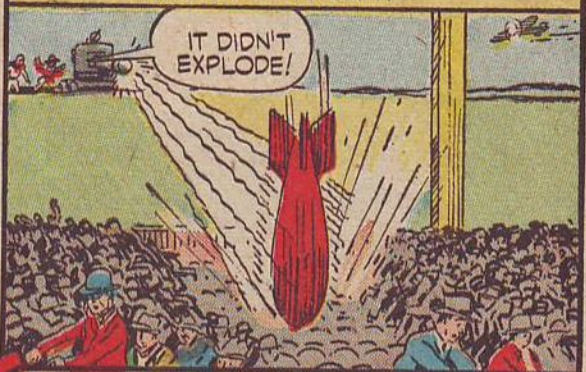
-- BUT WHEN THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN...HE WHIRLS
THE MORTAR AND SHOOTS THE BOMB AT
THE STANDS!



CAPTAIN JOHN TURNS THE RADIO RAY ON
THE BOMB, AND STOPS ITS INNER WORKINGS...



THE BOMB WON'T GO OFF WHILE THE
RADIO RAY IS ON IT--



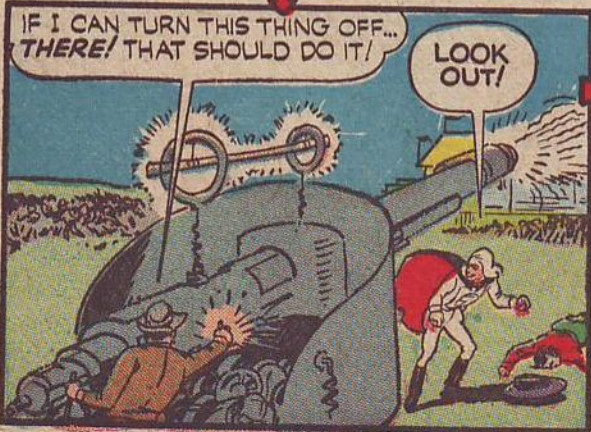
THERE...
WISE GUY!

UGH!



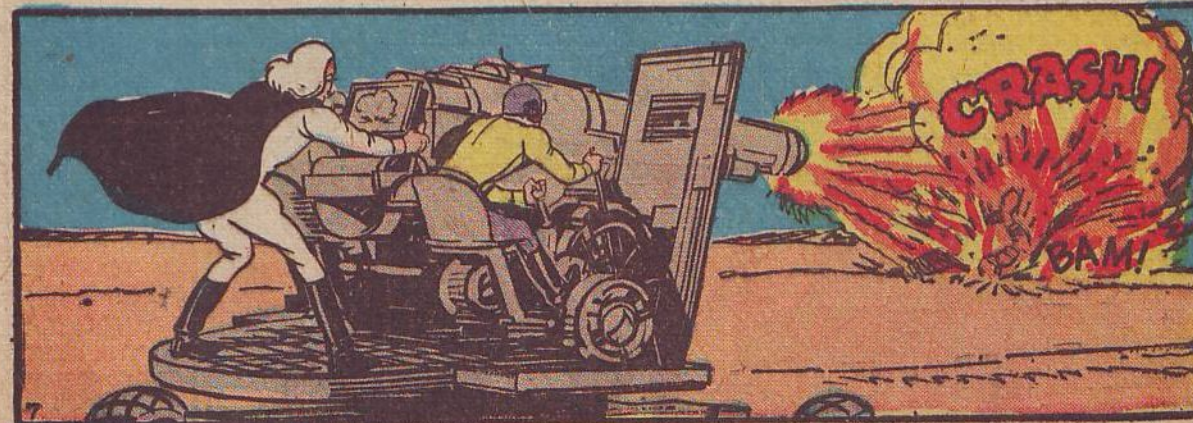
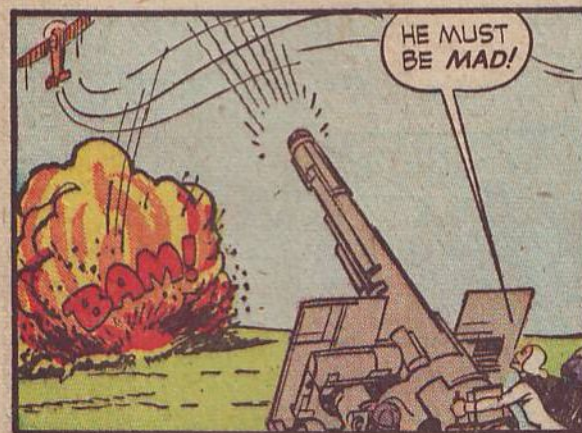
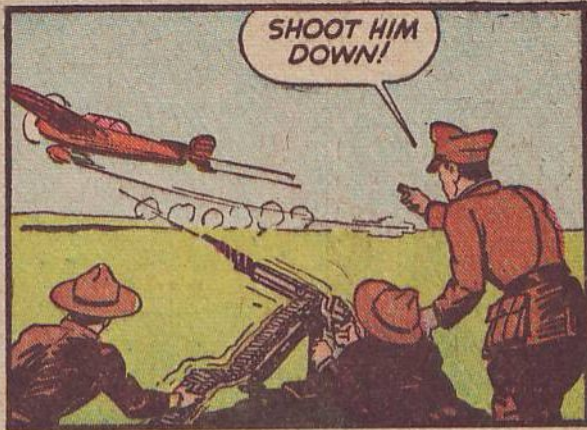
IF I CAN TURN THIS THING OFF...
THERE! THAT SHOULD DO IT!

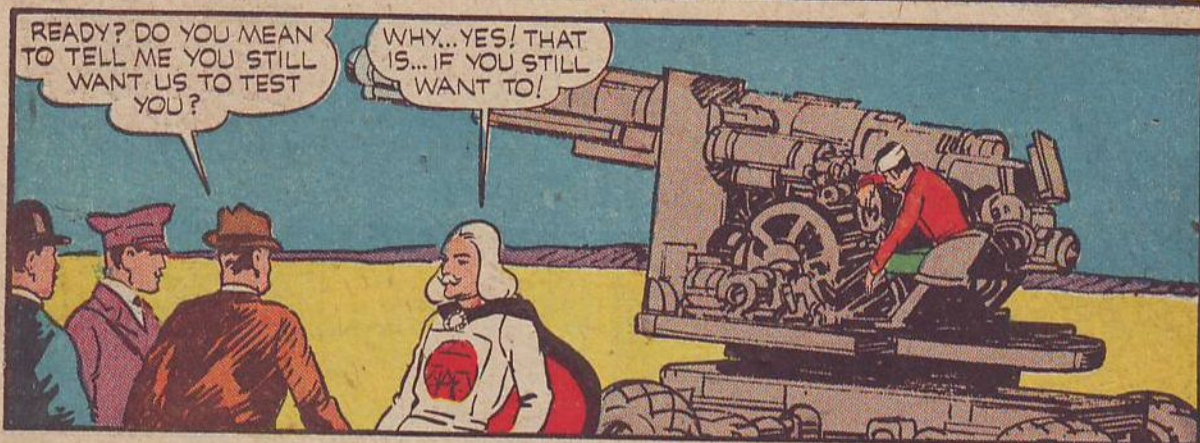
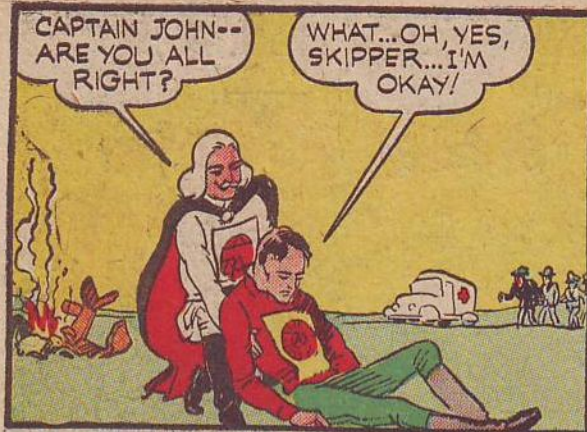
LOOK
OUT!



WITH THE RAY TURNED OFF...THE BOMB
STARTS TO WORK--AND EXPLODES!



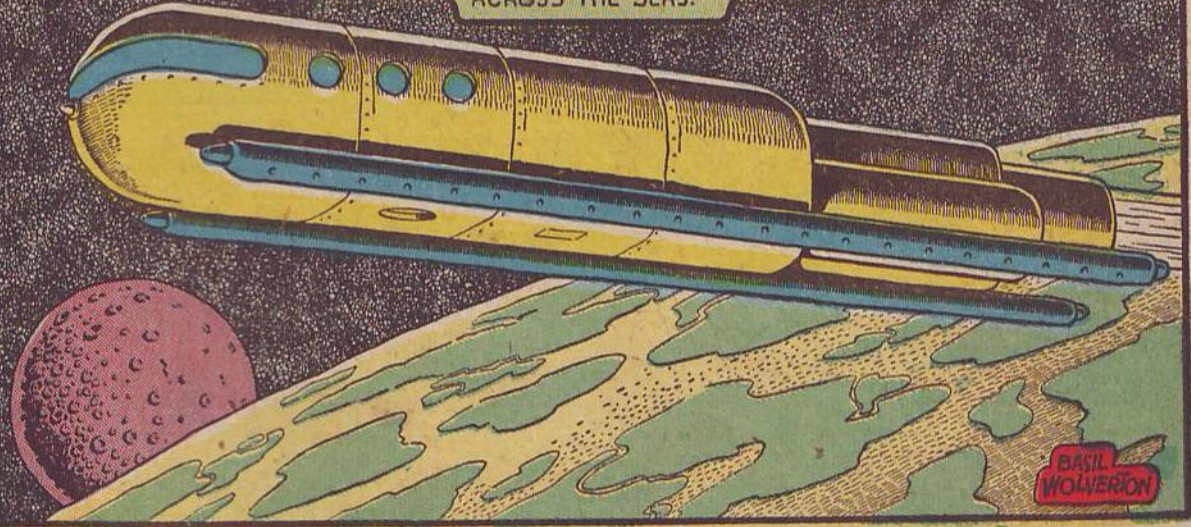




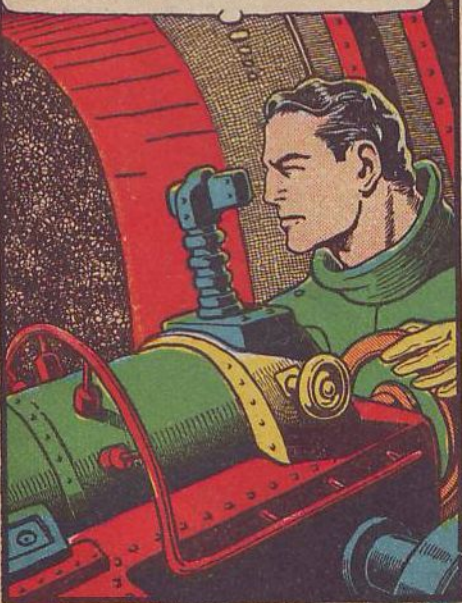
WHAT^{oo}
NEW MENACE
TO DEFENSE
WILL THE
**RANGE
RIDERS**
OF TODAY'S
FRONTIER
FIGHT
IN THE NEXT
TARGET?
COMICS

SPACEHAWK

WITH HOSTILE, GREEDY NATIONS ATTEMPTING TO SEIZE ALL THE WEALTH OF THE EARTH, SPACEHAWK CONCENTRATES HIS EFFORTS ON DEFENDING THE ONE GREAT LAND OF REAL FREEDOM — AMERICA. DAY AFTER DAY HE PATROLS THE STRATOSPHERE IN HIS POWERFUL SPACE SHIP, HIS KEEN SENSES ALERT FOR ANY DANGER FROM THE SKIES OR FROM ACROSS THE SEAS.



EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE OKAY HERE IN THE SKY. NOT AN OBJECT IN SIGHT, EXCEPT THAT APPROACHING ASTEROID. I'D BETTER GIVE IT A WIDE BERTH. IT'S DUE TO PASS THRU THIS SECTION OF THE STRATOSPHERE VERY SOON!



SPACEHAWK SHOOTS TOWARD SPACE AS THE HUGE BOULDER — PIECE OF AN ANCIENT, EXPLODED PLANET — CURVES IN TOWARD EARTH'S AIR BLANKET, VIRTUALLY SIDESWIPING THE PLANET.....



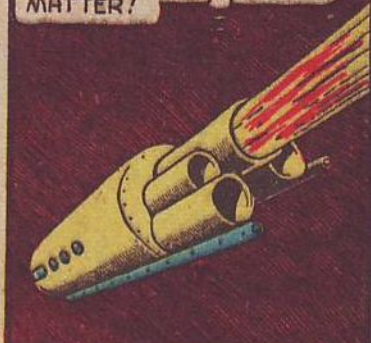
THAT'S AS CLOSE TO THE EARTH AS AN ASTEROID HAS EVER COME. IF THE PEOPLE OF NORTH AMERICA HADN'T BEEN INFORMED ABOUT IT, THERE'D BE A COUNTRY-WIDE PANIC!



SPACEHAWK SWINGS HIS SUPER-POWER ELECTROSCOPE AWAY FROM THE PLANETOID, AND SCANS OTHER PARTS OF THE SKY. SUDDENLY AN UGLY MASS LOOMS IN THE VISION PLATE...



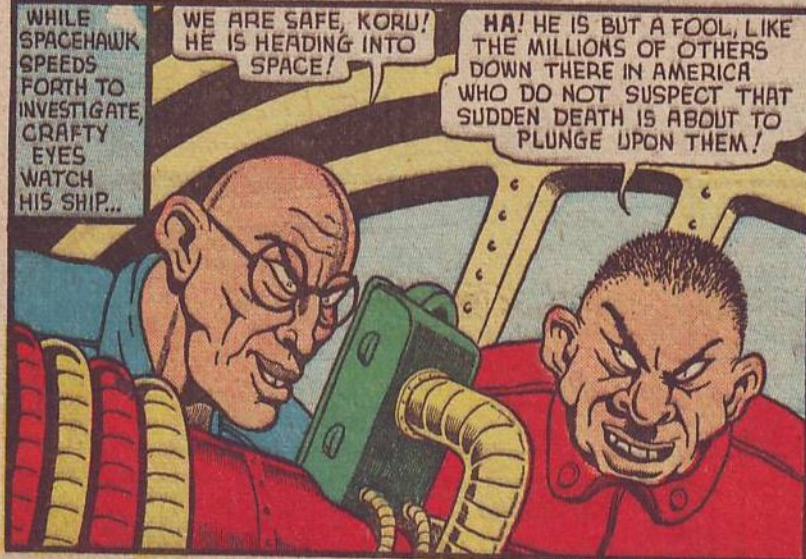
ANOTHER ASTEROID HEADED THIS WAY! THAT'S INCREDIBLE! THERE'S NO RECORD OF ANOTHER ONE IN — HMM! I'M GOING OUT AND HAVE A LOOK AT THAT HUNK OF MATTER!



WHILE SPACEHAWK SPEEDS FORTH TO INVESTIGATE, CRAFTY EYES WATCH HIS SHIP...

WE ARE SAFE, KORU! HE IS HEADING INTO SPACE!

HA! HE IS BUT A FOOL, LIKE THE MILLIONS OF OTHERS DOWN THERE IN AMERICA WHO DO NOT SUSPECT THAT SUDDEN DEATH IS ABOUT TO PLUNGE UPON THEM!



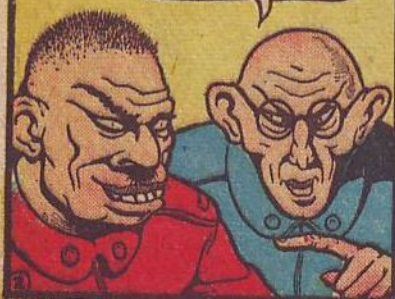
KORU BARKS ORDERS INTO A MICROPHONE

DESCEND INTO THE STRATOSPHERE, AND PREPARE TO STOP DIRECTLY OVER NEW YORK!



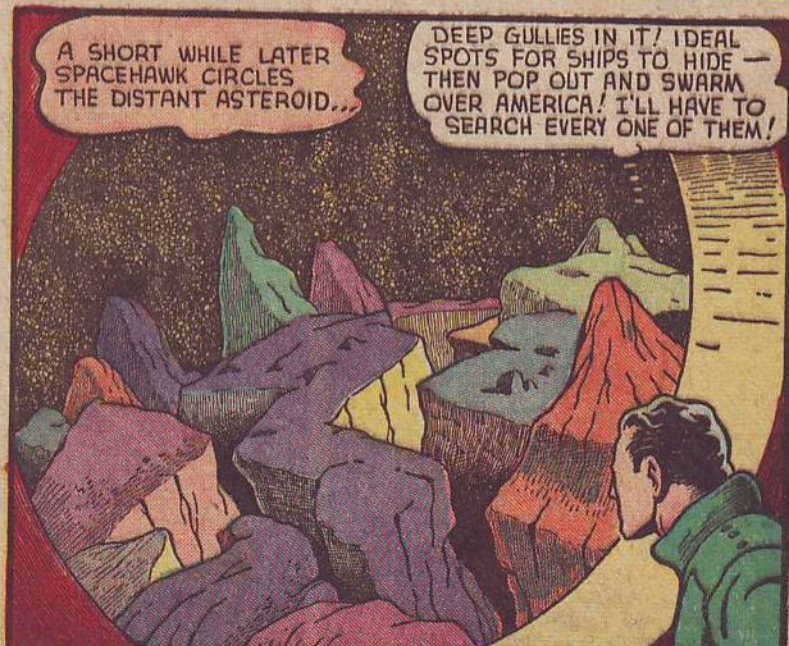
WE MUST OPERATE BEFORE THE REAL ASTEROID COMES WITHIN RANGE OF EARTH'S TELESCOPES, HAKI! LITTLE DO THE SMUG AMERICANS REALIZE THAT THEY ARE GAZING UP AT A HOLLOW METAL SHELL PROPELLED BY CONTROLLED MASS ATTRACTION AND LIFTED BY GIANT ANTI-GRAVITY UNITS!

AND FILLED WITH ENOUGH BOMBS TO BLAST THEM ALL TO POWDER!

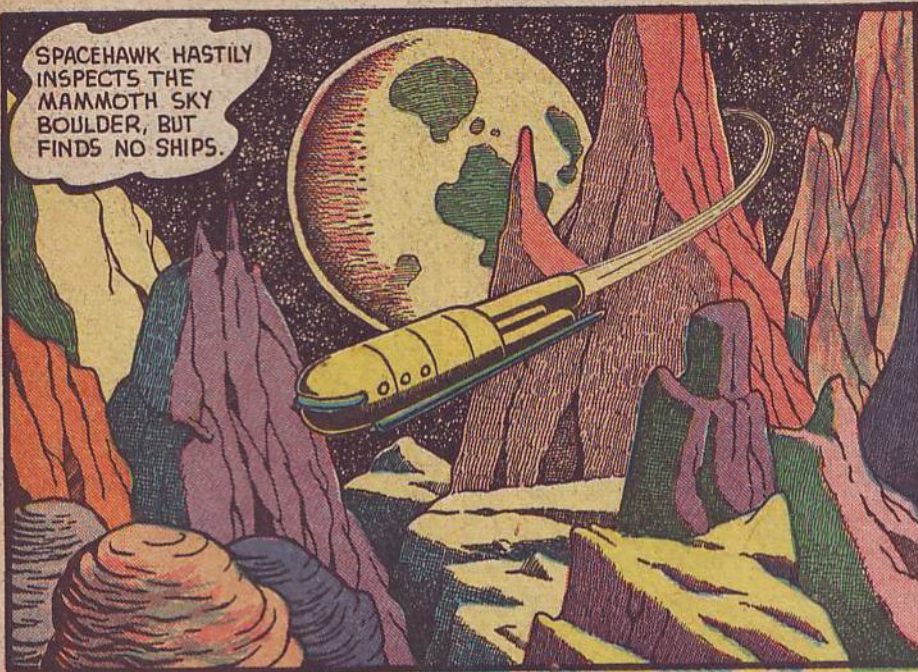


A SHORT WHILE LATER SPACEHAWK CIRCLES THE DISTANT ASTEROID...

DEEP GULLIES IN IT! IDEAL SPOTS FOR SHIPS TO HIDE — THEN POP OUT AND SWARM OVER AMERICA! I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY ONE OF THEM!



SPACEHAWK HASTILY
INSPECTS THE
MAMMOTH SKY
BOULDER, BUT
FINDS NO SHIPS.



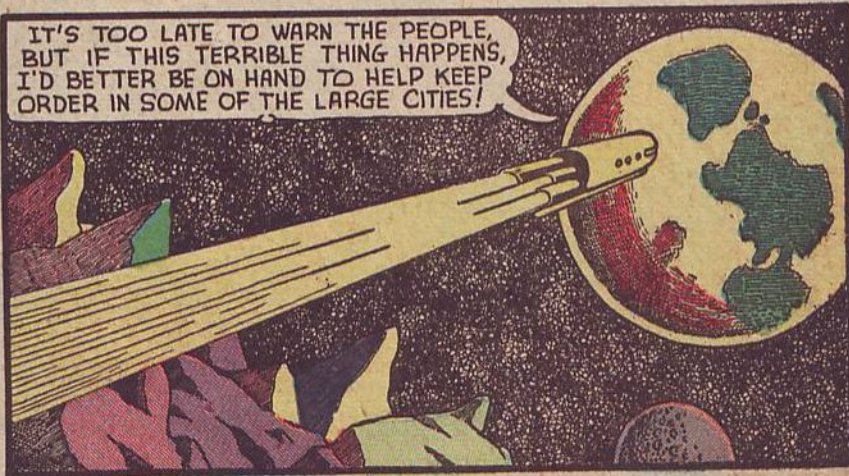
THE FIRST ASTEROID
WASN'T VERY
RUGGED....NO
CHANCE TO HIDE
SHIPS! JUST THE
SAME, I'D BETTER
HAVE ANOTHER LOOK
AT IT THRU THE
ELECTROSCOPE!



WHY — IT'S SLOWED UP!
IT'S TURNING THE OTHER
DIRECTION! THAT MEANS
THE EARTH IS PULLING IT
IN! IF IT CRASHES, EVERY
BUILDING ON THE CONTINENT
WILL BE SHAKEN DOWN!



IT'S TOO LATE TO WARN THE PEOPLE,
BUT IF THIS TERRIBLE THING HAPPENS,
I'D BETTER BE ON HAND TO HELP KEEP
ORDER IN SOME OF THE LARGE CITIES!



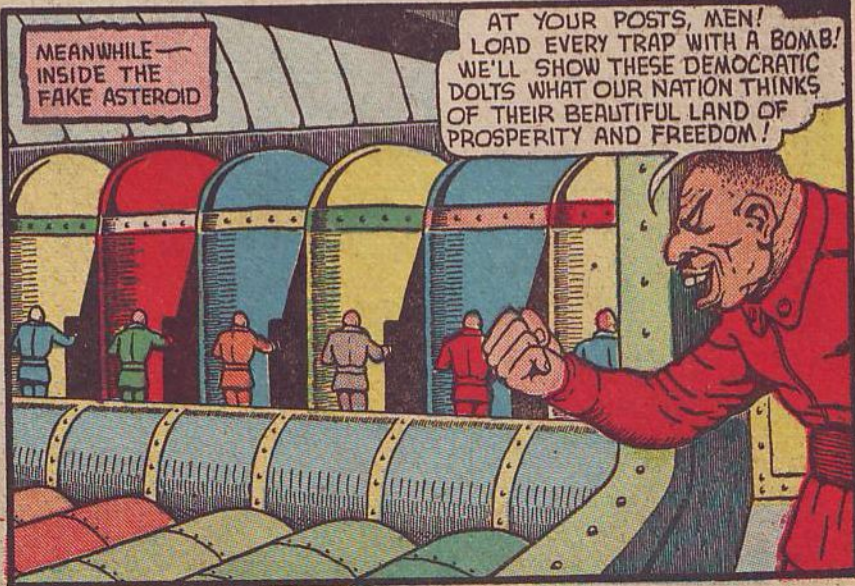
AS SPACEHAWK RACES
TOWARD EARTH, HE KEEPS
AN EYE ON THE
FORMIDABLE OBJECT....

NOW IT'S STANDING STILL!
AND IT'S NOT FALLING!
WHAT IN THE SUN'S
BLAZES IS HOLDING IT?



MEANWHILE—
INSIDE THE
FAKE ASTEROID

AT YOUR POSTS, MEN!
LOAD EVERY TRAP WITH A BOMB!
WE'LL SHOW THESE DEMOCRATIC
DOLTS WHAT OUR NATION THINKS
OF THEIR BEAUTIFUL LAND OF
PROSPERITY AND FREEDOM!

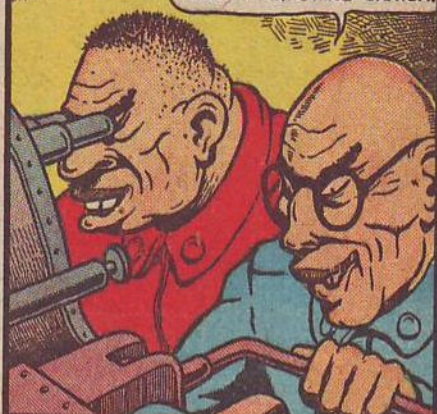


BELOW, MILLIONS OF PEOPLE GAZE FEARFULLY UPWARD, WONDER HOW THE GIGANTIC OBJECT CAN HALT IN MID-SKY — TERRIFIED AT WHAT MAY HAPPEN.....

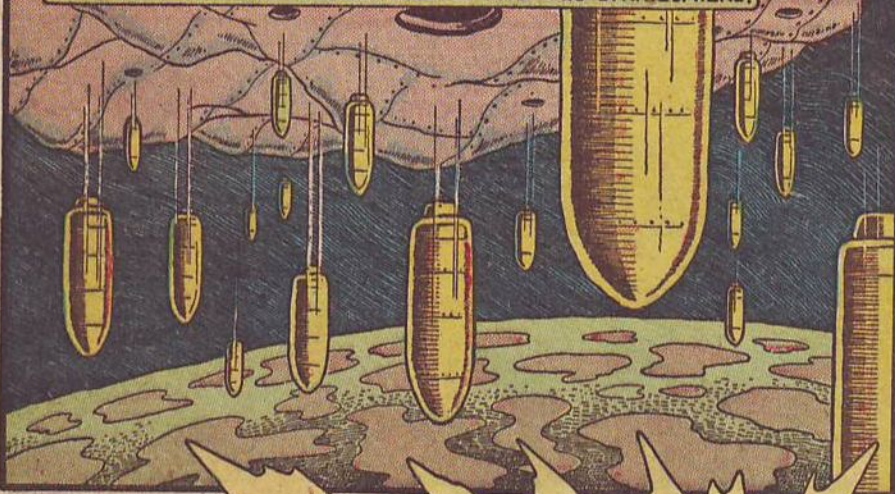


RELEASE THE FIRST SET OF BOMBS, HAKI!

WITH PLEASURE, KORU! HERE GOES THE STUFF THAT WILL BLAST THEIR GREAT CITY INTO A SMOKING CRATER!



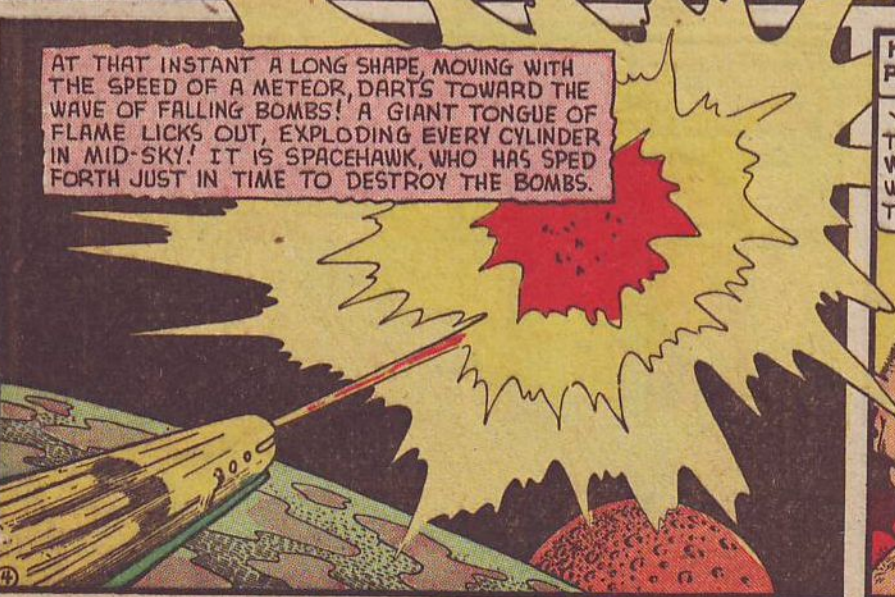
OPENINGS APPEAR IN THE FAKE PLANETOID, AND MIGHTY CYLINDERS OF DEATH PLUNGE SILENTLY INTO THE STRATOSPHERE.



NOW TO MOVE ON TO WASHINGTON AND WIPE THAT FAIR CITY OFF THE MAP! BUT FIRST LET US FEAST OUR EYES ON THE GRAND SPECTACLE BELOW! ANOTHER TWO MINUTES, AND.....



AT THAT INSTANT A LONG SHAPE, MOVING WITH THE SPEED OF A METEOR, DARTS TOWARD THE WAVE OF FALLING BOMBS! A GIANT TONGUE OF FLAME LICKS OUT, EXPLODING EVERY CYLINDER IN MID-SKY! IT IS SPACEHAWK, WHO HAS SPED FORTH JUST IN TIME TO DESTROY THE BOMBS.



KORU! THEY DID NOT REACH THE EARTH!

YOU MEN AT THE TRAPS — LOAD UP WITH MORE BOMBS! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AGAIN!



WHILE THE ATTACKERS MAKE FURTHER PREPARATIONS, SPACEHAWK ZOOMS UP TOWARD THE FAKE ASTEROID....

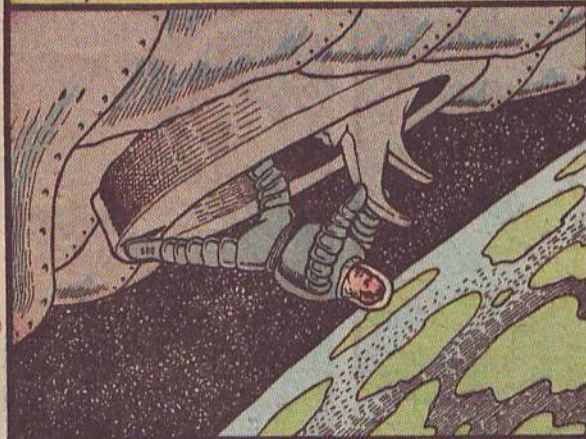


A MOMENT LATER, PROTECTED BY SPACE ARMOR, HE LEAPS FROM HIS SHIP, LEAVING IT IN THE HANDS OF HIS ROBOT PILOT.



WHO EVER IS INSIDE THIS THING HAD ME COMPLETELY FOOLED! I SHOULD HAVE EXAMINED IT MORE CLOSELY!

CLINGING TO THE METAL SURFACE WITH HIS MAGNETIZED BOOTS, SPACEHAWK RUNS TO THE UNDER SIDE OF THE FAKE ASTEROID, AND AT THE RISK OF BEING CRUSHED BY A DESCENDING BOMB, FORCES HIS WAY INTO ONE OF THE CHUTES.



MEANWHILE--

BUT WHY DID THOSE BOMBS EXPLODE? CAN IT BE THAT THERE IS SOME SORT OF INVISIBLE PROTECTION OVER THE CITY?

STOP WASTING TIME WONDERING ABOUT IT! EVERY THING IS READY AGAIN! RELEASE THE BOMBS!

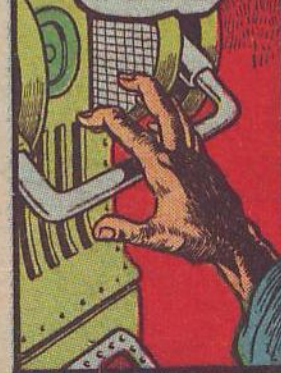


AT THAT MOMENT SPACEHAWK CRASHES THRU THE DOOR, HIS GUN SPITTING INSTANT DEATH INTO HAKI'S CHEST....

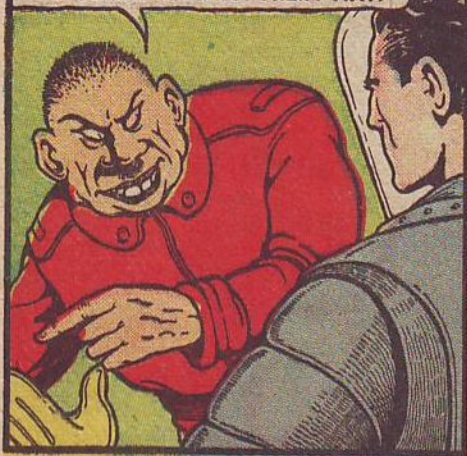
SPACEHAWK!



BUT AS THE ORIENTAL FALLS, HIS RIGID FINGERS CLUTCH THE SWITCH HANDLE AND YANK IT BACK....



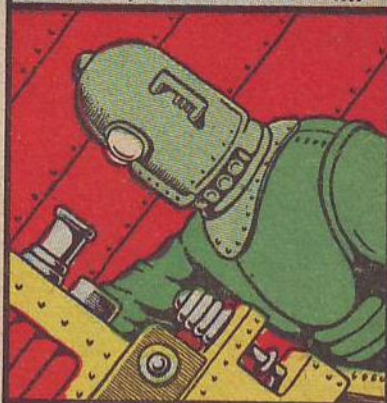
HA! YOUR HEROIC EFFORTS ARE FUTILE! YOU'VE JUST HELPED KILL AT LEAST TEN MILLION OF YOUR BELOVED BELIEVERS IN DEMOCRACY! THE BOMBS ARE ON THEIR WAY!



SPACEHAWK HALTS IN HIS TRACKS. COLD PERSPIRATION BREAKS OUT ON HIS FOREHEAD AS HE STARES SILENTLY AHEAD....



KORU CANNOT KNOW THAT THE INTRUDER'S POTENT MIND IS FLASHING A THOUGHT COMMAND TO HIS ROBOT PILOT. INSTANTLY THE ROBOT DIVES SPACEHAWK'S SHIP AFTER THE FALLING WAVE OF BOMBS, AND OPENS FIRE....



EVEN IN THE RARIFIED AIR OF THE STRATOSPHERE SPACEHAWK AND KORU HEAR THE DETONATION. THE TRIUMPHANT SNEER FADES FROM KORU'S FACE.

THEY - THEY MUST HAVE EXPLODED IN MID-SKY -- AGAIN!

RIGHT! AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN HOW IT HAPPENED EITHER TIME! LEAD ME TO THE CONTROL ROOM!



THIS IS MY CHANCE! I'LL TAKE HIM SOMEWHERE BUT IT WON'T BE TO THE CONTROL ROOM!

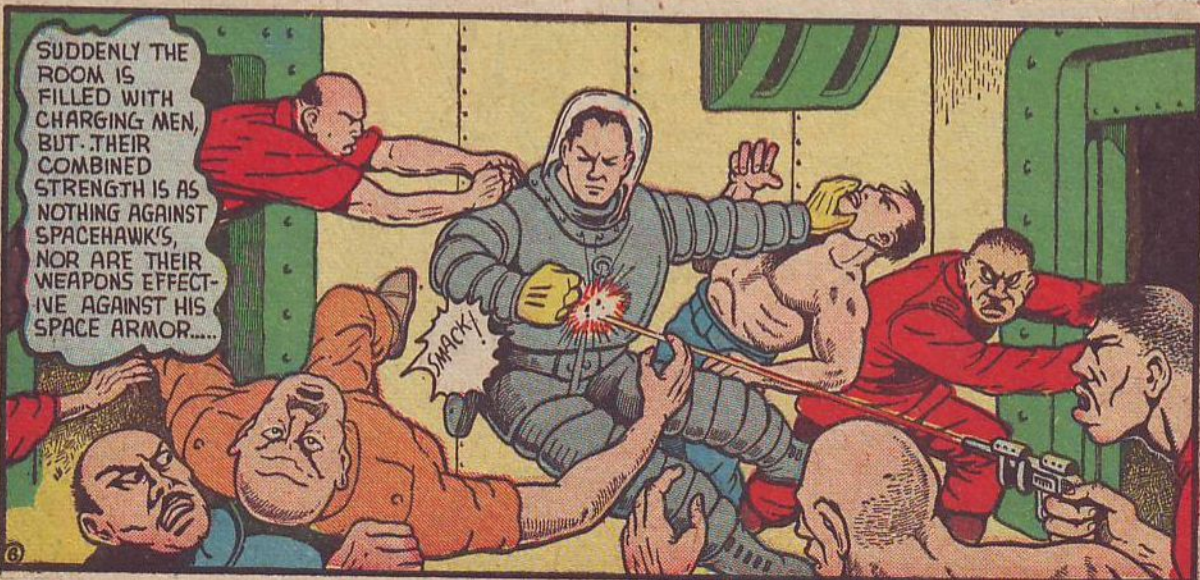


YOU RAT! YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE SAID THAT OUT LOUD! I SHOULD FINISH WITH YOU RIGHT HERE!

HELP!



SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH CHARGING MEN, BUT THEIR COMBINED STRENGTH IS AS NOTHING AGAINST SPACEHAWK'S, NOR ARE THEIR WEAPONS EFFECTIVE AGAINST HIS SPACE ARMOR....



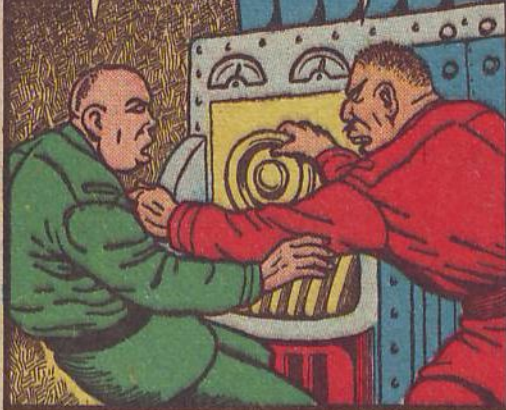
LEAVING PART OF HIS CREW AND SPACEHAWK TO FIGHT IT OUT, KORU RUNS TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND THRUSTS HIS PILOT ASIDE....

CAPTAIN KORU!
YOU'RE TURNING
OFF THE ANTI-
GRAVITY POWER!
WE'LL FALL
TO EARTH!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT!
SPACEHAWK IS ABOARD!
I'LL SMASH HIM AND
NEW YORK AT THE
SAME TIME!

BUT WE'LL
ALL BE
KILLED IF —

SILENCE, MORON! IF YOU'D
BEEN MORE ALERT AT THE
TELESCOPES, THIS WOULDN'T
HAVE HAPPENED! THIS IS
WHAT YOU DESERVE!



NOW TO GET INTO
MY SPACE CAR,
SHOOT OUT THRU
THE TAKE-OFF
TUBE, AND GET
AWAY FROM HERE
BEFORE IT CRASHES!



BUT AS KORU DASHES INTO THE CORRIDOR—

PLANNING ON
LEAVING SO
SOON?

YOU AGAIN!



LET ME GO! THE ANTI-
GRAVITY POWER IS OFF!
WE'RE FALLING TOWARD
EARTH!

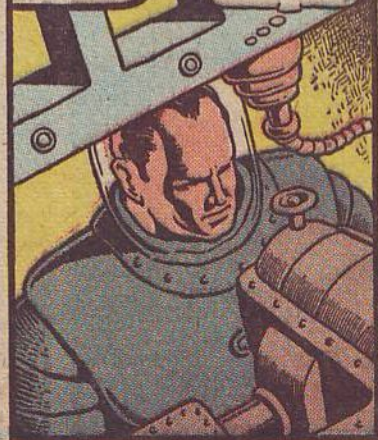


SURE I'LL LET YOU GO —
BUT FIRST—HERE'S A LITTLE
TOKEN OF MY AFFECTION FOR
YOUR CREW, THE GOVERNMENT
THAT SENT THIS CRAFT—AND YOU!



SPACEHAWK
QUICKLY
FINDS THE
CONTROL
ROOM....

WE'RE
DROPPING
FAST, BUT
I'LL SOON
FIX THAT!



BELOW, IN
NEW YORK

LOOK! IT'S
HEADING INTO
SPACE! WE'RE
SAFE!



NOW THAT I HAVE THIS THING OUT OF THE LOWER STRATOSPHERE, I MUST LOCATE THE REAL ASTEROID! YES! — THERE IT IS COMING THIS WAY, AND JUST IN THE RIGHT POSITION FOR WHAT I WANT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, ASTRONOMERS FLASH THE NEWS AROUND THE WORLD THAT ANOTHER PLANETOID HAS APPEARED, AND THAT THE TWO OF THEM MAY COLLIDE NOT FAR FROM EARTH....



SPACEHAWK EMERGES FROM THE FAKE ASTEROID, AND MENTALLY SUMMONS HIS SHIP. FROM WITHIN IT, HE WATCHES THE REAL ASTEROID CRASH INTO THE MAN-MADE OBJECT HE HAS STEERED INTO ITS PATH.....



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE TWO GIGANTIC OBJECTS DROPS HARMLESSLY INTO THE PACIFIC

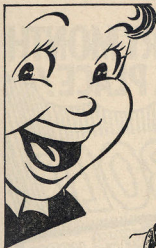


I SUPPOSE I SHOULD LET AMERICA KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED UP HERE AND WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED DOWN THERE — BUT WHY WORRY THE PEOPLE ABOUT IT? THEY'RE STILL SAFE, NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!



IN NEXT MONTH'S
TARGET COMICS
SPACEHAWK
CLASHES WITH THE ENEMY FORCES
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

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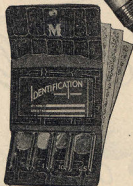
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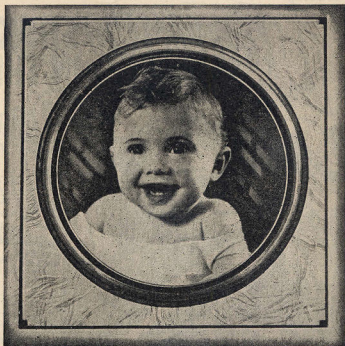
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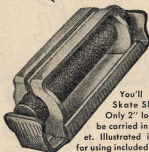
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